Saturday Review

September 12, 1964 25¢

Jean-Paul Sartre, author of "The Words" (See Books)

THE DEMILITARIZED WORLD—

And How to Get The

By Walter Millis

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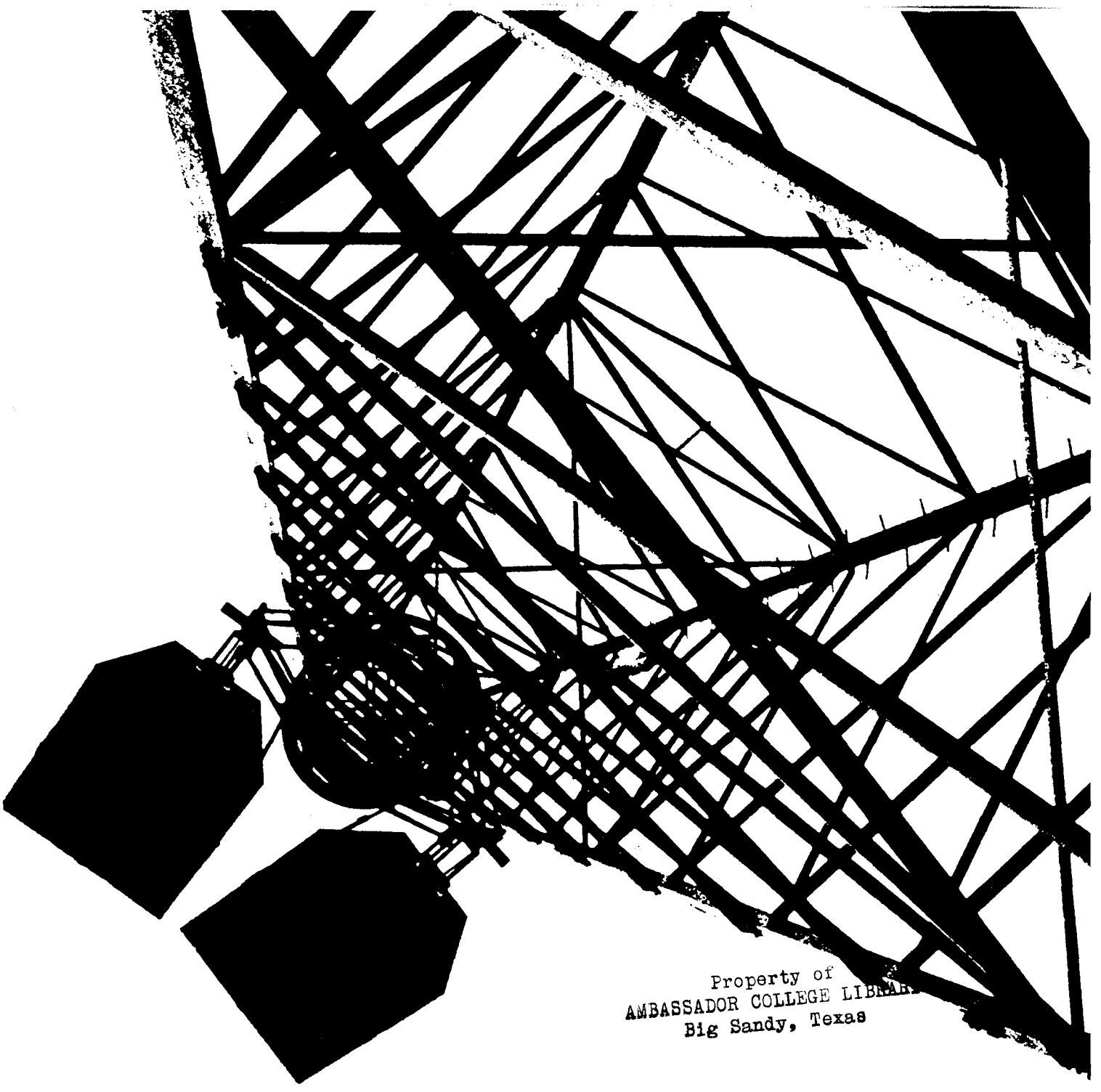

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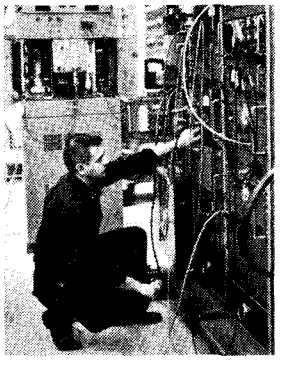

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One of the best popular books on the ancient world that I remember reading was one about the island of Crete entitled "The House of the Double Axe," by Agnes Carr Vaughan. Published a few years ago, it received a great deal of critical acclaim, all deserved.

Since that time, Miss Vaughan's editor at Doubleday has treated colleagues to rapturous descriptions of the *new* Agnes Carr Vaughan book, on the Etruscans, and when the first copy of "Those Mysterious Etruscans" arrived last week, I opened it with some nervousness.

Obviously, if the book hadn't lived up to its billing, I wouldn't be writing about it here. For those who know Miss Vaughan's earlier work, I can only say that "Those Mysterious Etruscans" is a crowning achievement in every way.

For the uninformed (as I was) reader, I may report that her new book reconstructs, in fascinating detail and inspired conjecture, the daily lives of a highly civilized nation which flourished several centuries before Rome became a power.

An artistic, proud people, the Etruscans had the misfortune (like Carthage) of opposing the emergent Roman state, which not only conquered them, but also very nearly erased all traces of their existence.

As a scholarly reconstructor, Miss Vaughan has received much informed applause; as a popular writer, she deserves even more. "Those Mysterious Etruscans" is that rare volume which can please the lover of historical romance and the scholar, too.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Those Mysterious Etruscans ($5.95) by Agnes Carr Vaughan is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

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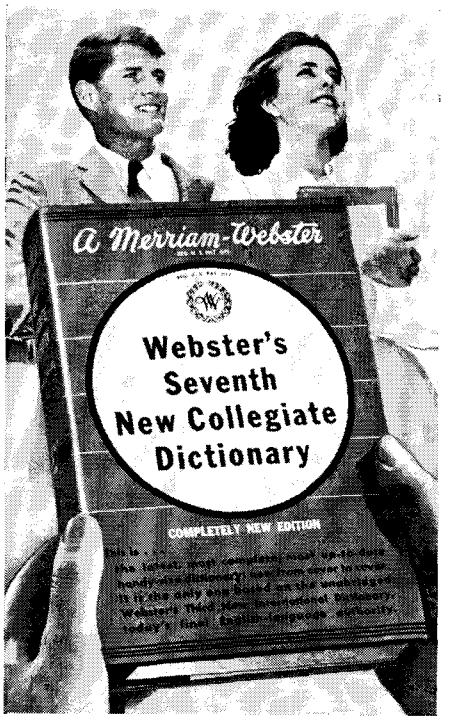

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Measuring Up

Edited by Martin Levin

Perl-E-Wite Toothpaste Co.
September 11, 1964

Dear Mrs. Green:

This letter is in reply to your correspondence of recent date in which you complain of difficulty in deciding the most economical size of PERL-E-WITE. Briefly stated, your problem is the choice between:

1 Large tube (1-1/16 oz.) plus 1 Family tube (5-11/16 oz.) for 98¢

versus

2 Giant tubes (2-7/8 oz. each) for 99¢.

The Family size tube with its 5-11/16 oz. is much more economical per ounce to you than the Large or Giant size tubes because the saving in cost of handling, filling, and packaging is passed along to you, the consumer. You will note that 1 Family size (5-11/16 oz.) has almost twice the volume of the Giant size (2 × 2-7/8 oz. = 5-12/16 or 5-3/4 oz.). In other words, one Family size is only 1/16 oz. less than two Giant size.

In the particular case you mention, we are able to offer you a total of the 6-3/4 oz. for 98¢ because by far the largest item in the combination is the economical Family size of 5-11/16 oz., whereas two Giant size totaling only 5-3/4 (5-12/16) oz. must sell for 99¢. This can be stated in another way:

2 Giant size of 2-7/8 oz. regularly sell for 65¢ each. (Total weight: 5-12/16 oz. for $1.30 = 22.61¢ per oz.)

1 Family size of 5-11/16 oz. for 98¢. (Total weight: 5-11/16 oz. for 98¢ = 17.23¢ per oz.)

This saving of 5.38¢ per oz., or 23.75%, is passed on to the consumers who buy a Family size rather than a Giant size.

You also ask why Large is the name given to our smallest size tube. A few years ago the Large tube was our third largest size; we had Small and we still have a Medium. Thus you are not correct in stating that Large is the smallest tube. However, neither the small nor medium is in either of the combinations that you had under consideration.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE C. ROLPH,
Vice President For
Weights & Measures.

—JIM BANKS.

Speaking of Funerals

William Slavens McNutt, newspaperman, sports writer, war correspondent (WW I), author of short stories and screen plays, *raconteur extraordinaire*. . . . I was about to write "God rest his soul" after his name, but it came to me that Bill would not want his soul at rest and that certainly God would not want to miss the presence of his entertaining company. When you dined with Bill you looked forward to the two hours or more of stories that started with the dessert. During this time he would drink five or six cups of coffee and smoke a pack or more of cigarettes. He had one peculiar habit. He would smoke a cigarette only halfway down, douse the lighted end in his coffee, and go right on drinking the coffee.

Bill was a man things happened to, and to hear him relate these incidents was pure joy. For example, during the first World War, Bill and three other correspondents were walking back to their hotel in Paris in the early hours of the morning when they were approached by a French woman who was desperately in need of money. The war had shut down her profession. What was her profession? She was a lady wrestler. Would she wrestle one of them for a purse of so many francs—and double that if she won? Would she? She would be *enchantée!* They took her back to the hotel with them.

McNutt was chosen as her opponent. He weighed about 230 pounds at that time, which meant he was in better shape than usual. The furniture was pushed back to the walls. Bill stripped to the buff. So did the lady wrestler. After some wary circling and a few tentative holds they really went at it. She was determined to win the larger purse. Bill was not going to be defeated by a woman in front of his friends. Soon they were both on the floor and the struggle became desperate. Before long, all the rules of wrestling were abandoned. So was any sense of sportsmanship. No holds were barred. They began to take mean advantages of each other. Finally, their audience, exhausted by excitement and laughter, stopped the bout, awarded Bill the fall, and his opponent the double-sized purse and more. They rained francs on her. She left the hotel a very happy lady wrestler. When Bill

20

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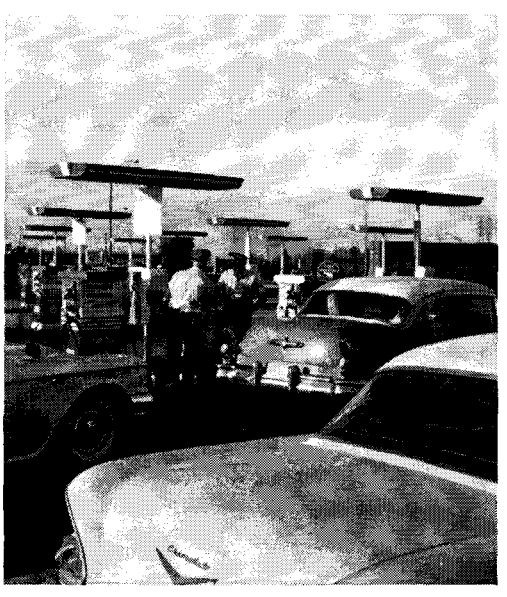

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would describe this match in naked detail it was the greatest sports story anyone ever heard.

After the talkies came in, the name William Slavens McNutt began to appear on motion picture screens. He was employed by one of the major studios. On one occasion it had taken weeks of dawdling and footless conferences before the studio pronounced itself happy with Bill's outline of a picture. Then, they wanted the screenplay finished in a hurry.

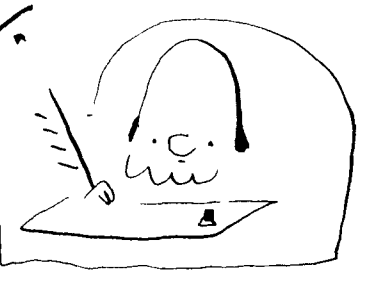
When McNutt reached his office in the Writers' Building two of his boonest companions were waiting for him. They proposed to take him along with them to Catalina that very afternoon for three or four days of deep-sea fishing, Bill's favorite sport. But he had promised to deliver the screenplay on short order. Finally, a scheme was hit on that would let Bill have his cake and eat it, too. There was a desolate stretch of coast they passed on their way out to sea. They would land Bill there in the early morning on their way out and pick him up on their way back in the late afternoon. With no distractions and no possible interruptions Bill could knock out the whole damn screenplay in that one day and fish with a free conscience for the next two or three.

Shortly after six o'clock the next morning Bill leaped from their boat onto a rock and watched with hungry eyes as the boat disappeared in the distance. Then he turned and started to pick his way to shore. He was armed with a portable typewriter and a large manila envelope containing a ream of typewriting paper, several sheets of carbon, and his story outline. No lunch, he was dieting. Like all heavy men he was light on his feet, but he made a misstep and fell down on the rocks. Fortunately, he did not hurt himself.

On shore, Bill sat down and opened the portable to find the machine was broken beyond any possible use. Grim but undaunted, Bill put the case on his lap, put some sheets of paper on the case, and reached in his pocket for a pencil. In a bitter moment he discovered he had neither pen nor pencil with him. He had, however, supplied himself generously with cigarettes. He broke open a packet, angrily thrust a cigarette into his mouth, and then found he didn't have a single solitary match on his person. He could do nothing but sit there and manufacture bile. True, the boys would come back around five o'clock, but he would have no idea when five o'clock came around because in the fall he had broken his watch. After some eight or ten weeks Bill could relate this misadventure with laughter.

He died in Hollywood. I was pleased and proud to be one of his eight pallbearers. He was buried in Forest Lawn, of all places. The services were at one in the afternoon in a chapel called The Wee Kirk o' the Heather because they couldn't think of anything cuter. The sunlight poured through the windows, twenty or more canaries chirped and trilled from their cages, the ceremony was short and on the cheerful side. There is a house rule against mourning at Forest Lawn.

Then came a nasty piece of news to us pallbearers—we were not honorary. We were the real thing. We were to carry the casket from the door of the chapel to the open grave, about 300 yards across the lawn. Now, when he died Bill weighed about 300 pounds, and we looked at each other with faint alarm. There was nothing for us to do but to try, so we picked up the casket and stepped forth. Our path was down the slope of a hill. The grass was slippery and soon we were all out of step. I was treading on the heels of the man in



front of me, and behind me Walter Connelly was treading on mine. Added to this, we were all on the edge of hysteria. Each of us knew Bill was somewhere looking down at these goings-on, shaking with laughter. What a good story he had for the angels!

We reached the grave without mishap. A few more cheerful words were spoken, the casket was lowered into the grave. Bill's brother, Patterson McNutt, scattered a handful of gravel on the coffin, and it was over. ("Lie in clean gravel. Think what seepage does to your loved ones.")

There were four of us in the limousine that was returning us to Beverly Hills from Forest Lawn. Walter suggested we should stop somewhere enroute and raise a glass to Bill. Old-fashioneds were Bill's habitual drink, so it was meet that we should each have an old-fashioned. One story about Bill followed another, and more than one old-fashioned followed another. I have a distinct memory of the booth we sat in but no memory whatever of the Bar and Grill itself. I'll bet, however, its walls never before or since have been shaken by such shouts of laughter. It was very right that Bill's funeral was the most enjoyable anyone of us ever attended.

—Howard Lindsay.

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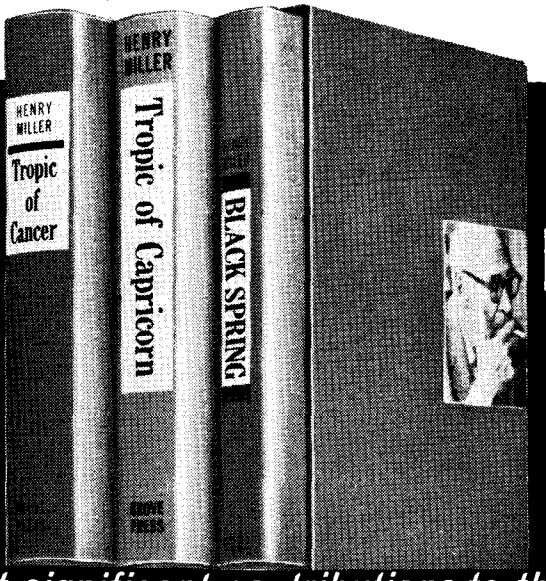

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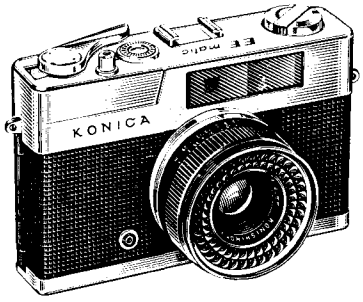

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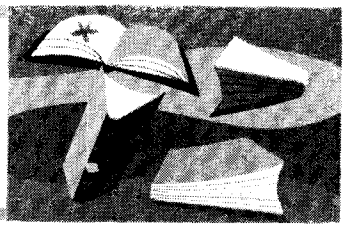
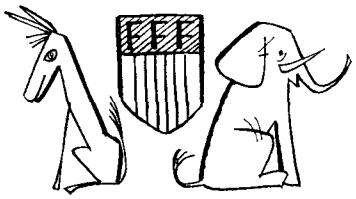


The vital elements of the forthcoming political campaign are being formed for the edification of the voters. The key to the future and the true appeal of each candidate are inextricably enmeshed in a formula that, for some reason, has not been promulgated, until now, by me. I call it the Formula of the Three F's. They are: Football, Fighting, and Family.

Each candidate for President and Vice President must eventually be measured by this yardstick. Oh, sure, he can make



pronouncements on foreign policy and he can woo the NAM and the unions. But, did he play football? Did he defend his country in time of peril? Has he a fine family?

Just look back over the scene. Ike swept the party of his choice into two terms of unprecedented popularity. His war record is unsurpassed. His family, a handsome son and delightful grandchildren, were fun to look at. As for the third F, he twisted his knee playing against Jim Thorpe!

That's a tough record to beat, so I confess to admiration for his opponent's excellent showing in the face of it. If we had only had the sense to use this formula when Thomas E. Dewey was a shoo-in, we might have saved some money on election bets in 1948. Harry Truman was a World War I veteran of renown. We know well his family record, and his quarterbacking of the Lamar, Missouri, Peanuts is still talked about. Governor Dewey, alas, could but boast of a wonderful home life, while the other two F's were not up to the Truman standards.

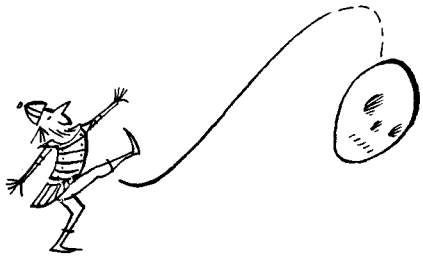
In 1960, the close election was obviously due to the closeness of the F ratings. The man with the larger family and with the more perilous fighting history came out on top. He would have done much better if the Football angle had been better handled. Nixon was the first to have a photograph circulated in which he wore football togs. The edge he gained was not dulled, even though a photo of JFK in prep-school gridiron regalia was later published in *Life*.

This year we have unknowns. The Fighting part we are familiar with. A book just published outlines LBJ's life as an aviator. This will cancel out the Goldwater fighter-pilot image. The families are in a dead heat. Harems of beautiful women, and cheering sections full of handsome men are ranged about both candidates in seemingly equal numbers. What this means is that the election will hang not on domestic or foreign policies, not on TV debates and such, but on that great unknown, the Third F!

What is the past record of Goldwater, Miller, Johnson, and Humphrey on Football? Did they play the game? If so, do we have photographs of them in their gear? Let's see the evidence, so I'll have something to go on when I step in that polling booth and make my choice!

Not long ago I reported on the founding of baseball. Now, thanks to Gunnar Peterson, I can pass along the story of the founding of soccer, or football as it is known throughout most of the world. This comes from Eastern Traders, a New Delhi firm that sells soccer balls:

"Everything has its origin. Straw owes its origin to plants. Fly has her origin. Football or soccer got its origin centuries back when kings' armies fought kings. An Army lost a battle, several of her men slain. The victorious army treaded over the dead bodies reduced to skeletons. Out of hatred, the Victorious hit the skeletons. Skull, due to its near spherical shape got the lift and fell



at a distance. The joy of lift and distance induced the soldiers to repeat their actions. Soldiers followed the skull ball running. Soon there was a sequence of kicks and counter-kicks.

"What was hatred few minutes before turned into fun.

"Fun developed into game when man made spherical ball made of wood, as a substitute for skull. But this did not satisfy the ever-ambitious zeal of man for improvement and comfort. Experimentations and observations led into the

(*Continued on page* 15)

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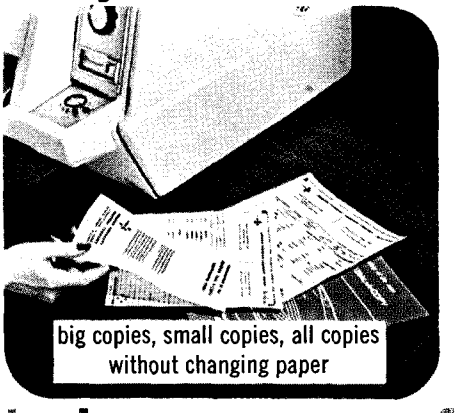

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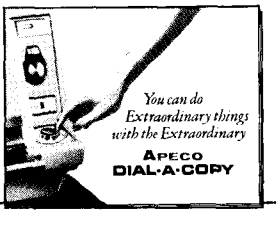

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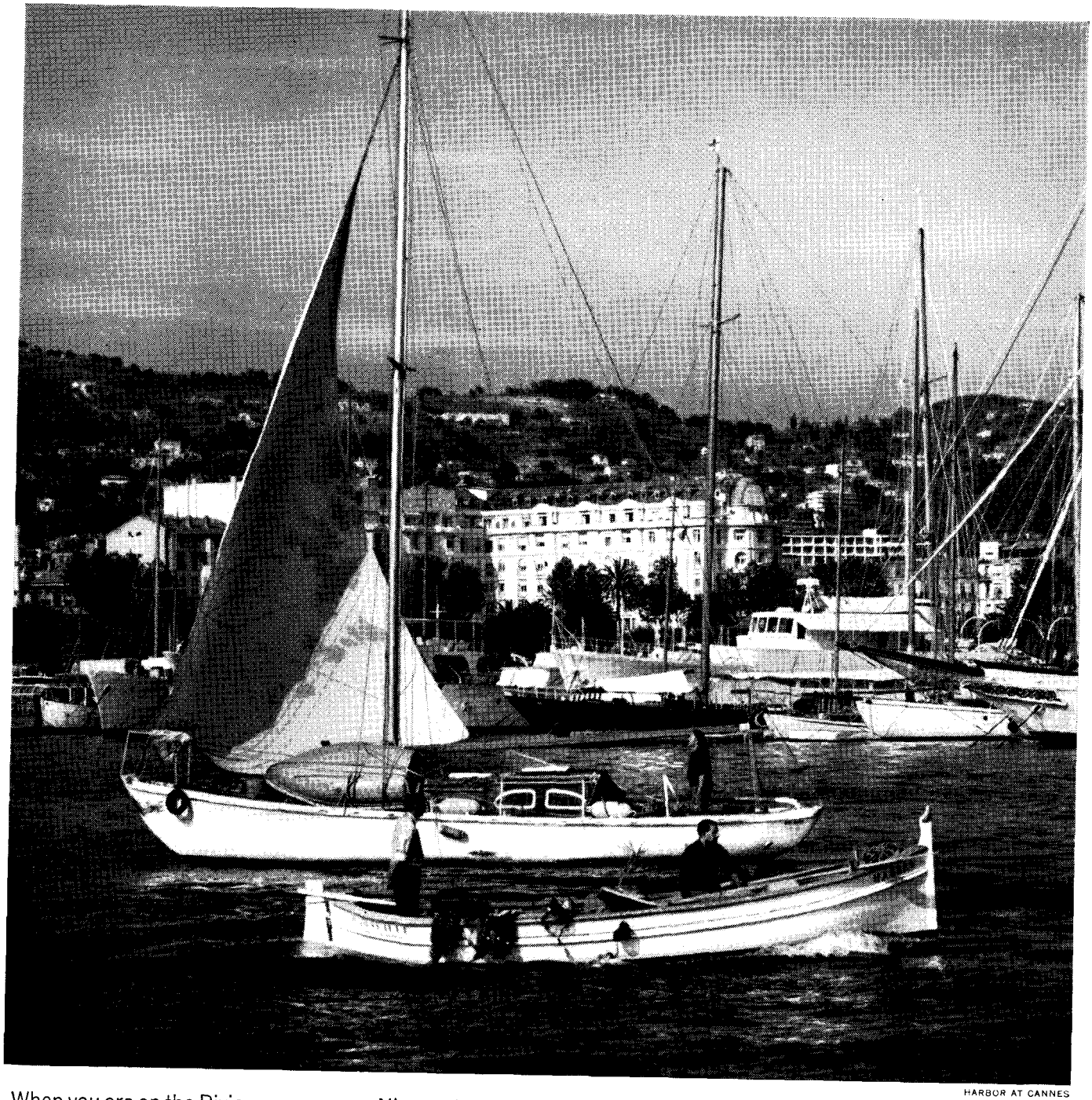

HARBOR AT CANNES

When you are on the Riviera and the girl next to you looks remarkably like Brigitte Bardot, you do not act surprised. You're in Europe's chic and exciting seaside playground. It's a glorious place to dine, dance, water-ski, scan art treasures and tan up before you tackle Paris, Rome, Zurich, etc. That's why Air France offers convenient direct flights between the U. S. and Nice (gateway city to the Riviera) all through the Fall. Our 14/21-Day Economy Excursion Fares are in effect every Monday to Thursday till November 5. And our "Jet Away Sun Holidays" can put you on to exciting and economical holidays, not only in Nice but around the world. You can fly, cruise, motor, walk; you name it. Air France will handle all the details—you have all the fun. Ask your Travel Agent or local Air France office for our "1964 Fall Jet Away Sun Holidays" tour folders.

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Continued from page 11

making of a Leather Ball. Leather Football has come to stay as an Ideal Ball and today Football has grown into worlds' most admired and loved sport.

"To us in Eastern Traders, specialising in manufacture and export of Footballs, Football is the most beloved article, born out of hatred, grown into friend-maker."

Sharps and Flats: On a recent trip to Iceland, Margaret Henrichsen of North Sullivan, Maine, took the regular bus from Reykjavik to the village of Vik on the south shore. No one on the bus spoke English, and Miss Henrichsen no Icelandic. She had settled down for a lonely five-hour trip when the driver turned on the radio. There was a good deal of Icelandic conversation that may have been news or a commercial. Then music began. The first tune was "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

► A seventh-grade school girl asked Betsy Cunningham, of the Kaimuki Branch of the Library of Hawaii, for the book, *Homeless Idiot*. Further questioning indicated it was the story of the Trojan wars, so the student got her book.

► Eight-year-old Jane Churchill showed great interest in the 1805 Lewis and Clark expedition as her parents drove her over the trail of the two explorers, through Montana and Idaho. It turned out that Jane was still in the twentieth century. She thought everybody was talking about *Lois* and *Clark*. Lois Lane and Clark Kent. Everybody knows who they are.

► Aaron Stookey has strong preferences when it comes to classical music. For instance, he is inclined to look at Bach in anger.

► I have just read in *National Geographic* that "five homes can be built from the wood of a single 300-foot-tall Coast redwood tree." Unfortunately, one Coast redwood tree cannot be built from the wood of five homes.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1587)

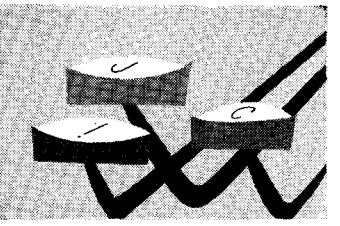
John Lear:

BREAKING THE ICE (IN ANTARCTICA)

(*Saturday Review*, 11-2-63)

Earth's most valiant bird, the Emperor penguin, mates in the frigid fury of the antarctic winter, carries its eggs on its feet to keep them warm until they hatch, and then just turns the young over to adult baby-sitters until the down is off and the fledglings can swim.

Manner of Speaking



Widgeonry: Be wary of any poet who tries to describe how a poem came into being. You may, however, let up a bit when he shows signs of distrusting himself.

I certainly have no choice but to approach myself distrustfully when I try to parse out the genetic structure of a seriously engaged poem. Even one lightly engaged will evade the chromosome count. And even were the chromosome count accurate to the last atom, what whole truth could I bring back from the analysis?

But if, on the other hand, one is willing to settle for glimpses of the thing—for, so to speak, shreds ripped off the coattails of the truth as it flashed by, then it may just be possible that something might be identified, and even that a communication might be managed, if only on the other side of painful qualification.

Toward, though short of, an infinite qualification, therefore, let me say that as nearly as I can reconstruct what I think I must have thought at the time, the following is a partial account of how one trivial but, I hope, pleasant poem seems to have come into being.

In some now-forgotten context the world "widgeon" happened into my attention and that, clearly enough, was the beginning. I knew the word, to be sure, but for the first time I realized that I really knew nothing about it except that it labeled some sort of unidentified duck. Nor, as I looked at it, could I make any sense of its roots.

It was clearly a case for the dictionary, and that, as I soon learned, turned out to be a case of no help. The word turned out to be *vigeon* in Old French, probably out of Latin *vipio*, "a small crane," all of which meant little more than "origin uncertain." As a further act of non-clarification, the word was defined as "any of various kinds of wild fresh water ducks."

I was rapidly making no headway whatever when my eye was caught by the word "wicopy" on the same page. "Wicopy," I discovered, derived from the Algonquinian name for the basswood or leatherwood tree, but all I got when I cross checked "basswood" and "leatherwood" was more stuff beginning "any of various kinds of." I did later run down the basswood as *Tilia glabra* and the leatherwood as *Dirca palustris*, but let me confess that this information reached me as something less than a revelation. And besides, I was already playing another game.

"A widgeon in a wicopy" I found myself saying, "a WIDGE ONIN AWI COPEE." I liked the suggestion of syncopation under the line.

Obviously, however, widgeons do not belong in trees. Perhaps it was that thought that suggested the second line: "In which no widgeon ought to be." Good. I said the two lines over and they were clearly at home together. So I had that much to write down. But now what? The obvious thing seemed to be to reach for more w's. Or at least w's turn out to be what I did reach for, and "widowed" turned out to be the key word. "A widowed widgeon was." So I had a first stanza:

A widgeon in a wicopy
In which no widgeon ought to be
A widowed widgeon was.

I hardly had anything that could be called a meaning but I did have a pattern. The next thing, was to see what use I could make of it. Then, as now, the obvious thing seemed to be to go after more w's. The first solid w-word to offer itself was "wickiup," and I could not fail to recognize that widgeon-wicopy-wickiup made a good matching series.

"Wickiup" was one bit of luck. The other was "Wichita." A wickiup, to be

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sure, ought to have Indians in it, and "Wichita" turned up after considerable scratching as the only w-Indian I could summon. It was luck, of course, that the plural of "Wichita" rhymes with "was." But it was an even luckier guess at an Indian name, for I wasn't at all sure that a Wichita *was* a kind of Indian. For all I knew the city of Wichita might have been named for a chief rather than a tribe, or for a river, or for anything else in the aboriginal vocabulary. The dictionary confirmed my shot in the dark, however, and so I had my second stanza:

While in a willow wickiup
A Wichita sat down to sup
With other Wichitas.

I think the point I want to make about all this—if any point can be rescued—is that I was not occupied with "meaning" in any sense that my school teachers once used to demand it when their quizzes gave me orders to "State the meaning of this poem in two good English sentences." What I was writing was hardly an ode on the intimations of immortality, but whatever I was writing was chasing itself in reference to itself and with no intent to mean anything outside the poem.

The self-pursuit well underway, the rest came in a single spate. After the fact, I can see clearly enough that the widgeon in its tree and widowhood had somehow to be related to the Wichitas in their wickiup and at their supper. To put it one way, the widgeon's missing mate had somehow to be accounted for if the poem was to answer its own elements, and more "w's" had to be found. It was, certainly, the "w's", the rhythm, and the pattern that showed the way—to that necessary relation, and to what I hope is the self-evident logic of the last stanza.

Here, in any case, is the poem as I finally got it, and let me say that anyone who is willing to be pleased by it has my permission to ignore everything I have said about it.

WIDGEONRY

A widgeon in a wicopy
In which no widgeon ought to be
A widowed widgeon was.

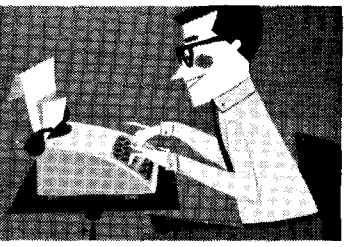
While in a willow wickiup
A Wichita sat down to sup
With other Wichitas.

And what they whittled as they ate
Included what had been of late
A widgeon's wing. Twas thus

The widgeon in the wicopy
In which no widgeon ought to be
A widowed widgeon was.

—JOHN CIARDI.

Top of My Head



Sex and the Hypochondriac . . .

ACTUALLY, the title of this piece is a cheat and a lure, and was purposely spiced up in the hope of siphoning off three or four guileless readers of the more Cyprian publications with which our newsstands abound. The title of this latest chapter on hypochondria only indicates simply that in my twelve years of personal research on, and affliction with, hypochondria, I have discovered that hypos are equally divided among male and female. And that's as spicy as I'm going to get.

It's not that my former affliction has left me without a keen appreciation of a pouted lip or a symmetric convex. I still retain a roving and horribly astigmatic eye for a *femme fatale*. True, when I pick up my monthly copy of *Playboy,* I now first read through the pages of sweater and slim, corduroy slack ads before unfolding the center photograph. Hypo or no, one does reach the point of seldom return.

If ever a man had a case against doctors in their futile efforts to cure hypochondria, it's I. And the first witness I call to the stand is the distinguished LL.D., Mr. Noah Webster. "A state of depression and anxiety," he says, "regarding one's own state of health, with imaginary illnesses." My case is that if the illnesses were imaginary, what about those thousands of prescriptions with which my doctors plied me, which had to be filled at my neighborhood druggist's? A pretty penny that came to, I tell you, and I really ought to demand full redress. I've often thought of taking it to court, and would have, were it not for the fact that I could foresee the other lawyer having a high time discrediting the expertise of my star witness by pointing to another line in his definition, in which Mr. Webster says that "hypochondria" is derived from the Greek word, *"hypochondria."* Surely Mr. W. could have been more thorough than that.

My neighborhood druggist could, if a lawyer twisted his arm, go back in memory some twenty years to the first day I entered his shop with my first prescription, to start the bonanza I later became. The prescription was for some mild sedative capsules which the doctor

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had told me would be just-what-the-doctor-ordered for my condition. We had a brief, friendly discussion about my complaint, which consisted mainly of a fast pulse and a feeling of breathlessness. I told him the doctor had said: "Don't worry and don't be nervous." When I'd asked how do I do that, the doctor had written this prescription. My neighborhood druggist said these capsules should help and he added, "See you soon." That should have been the tipoff.

During the next twelve years, as I shuffled in and out of my neighborhood drug store I had feeling that as the druggist read each prescription he was be-

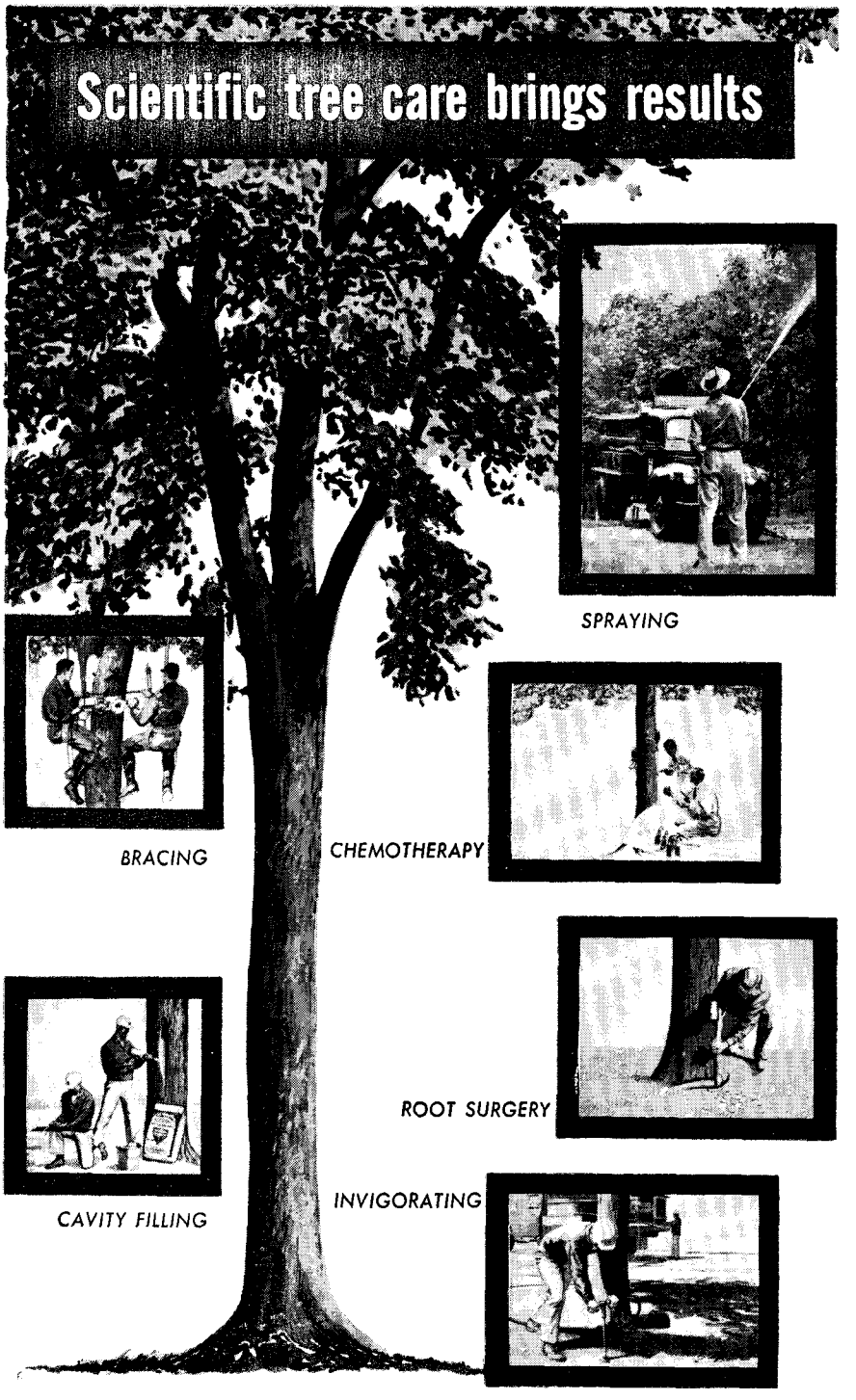
coming more and more familiar with my anatomy; could call off the number of my red and white corpuscles to the penny. He knew exactly how many spots I saw before my eyes. My aorta was an old book, my colon a tale twice told.

One day was a crisis day. A new doctor had given me four prescriptions—pills to pep me up, pills to slow me down, a tonic for appetite, and a powder for indigestion. I went to my bank, floated a loan, and shuffled into my neighborhood druggist's with the prescriptions. As he walked back to his medical center he pointed out that he had cut down on the fountain space and enlarged the prescription area. I didn't wonder. And so the years dragged on, spent mostly in my home away from home, my neighborhood drug store.

One weekend, I came in to find my druggist not there. He had hired an assistant, who informed me my neighborhood druggist now spent his weekends fishing. He had bought a boat; I wondered if he had named it for me. I had no prescription to fill; I had by now graduated to cures I had seen in television commercials. I hadn't given up doctors, you understand. I still went to them for consultation, and then chose my own medication. This involved describing my condition to the assistant-neighborhood-druggist, and he was most helpful—even suggested several products I hadn't seen advertised. After a few weekends, I had brought home everything from antibiotics to zinc oxide. My medicine cabinet became known as General Hospital.

Speaking of hospitals, I didn't tell you about my almost gall bladder operation, did I? Oh, I must tell you sometime. It interfered terribly for a while with my hypochondria. I was at death's door and a surgeon almost pulled me through.

—Goodman Ace.



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A Demilitarized World

And How to Get There

By WALTER MILLIS

THE notion that total abolition of organized international war has become a political possibility was advanced by me some years ago. That it met with complete incredulity is hardly necessary to say. The plainly necessary answer was to develop a demonstration that a warless world was practicable and possible. This demonstration was apparently persuasive to many, but was eviscerated by a question that became something of a platitude in the discussions around the conference table of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. "You have produced a Utopia that is logical, attractive, and self-consistent. No doubt it would work. But how do we get from here to there?"

This article is my attempt at an answer.

Before outlining the answer, however, it is important to look at the international world of today as against what it was ten years ago. The scene is markedly different. But the changes have been gradual and cumulative, and their real depth and scope are not easily recognizable without an effort of memory.

In 1954, the Korean War had just reached its uneasy close, and the likelihood of its renewal seemed far more imminent than it does today. Having secured its Korean rear, Communist rebellion, strongly supported by China, was driving the French from Indo-China, in the main opposed only by John Foster Dulles's announced policy of "massive retaliation"—which if it had really meant what it seemed to say would have been disastrous. The nuclear arms race was at its height, as the United States and the Soviet Union vied to develop "droppable" thermonuclear or "H" bombs promising energy yields 2,000 times those of the weapons used against Japan, which had themselves been 2,000 times as destructive as all but a few of the heaviest conventional bombs used in the Second World War. The missile race and the terrors of the non-existent "missile gap" (the gift of the new "intelligence community" to international insanity) still lay ahead; but the stage was set for them.

With the usually neglected exception of Yugoslavia, no visible rifts had yet appeared in the monolithic structure of Communist empire, now reaching from the Elbe to Vladivostok and Canton, and apparently pressing outward from this already huge land base to the conquest of the entire globe. Stalin had died in March 1953, but the influence of this event on Communist policy was still obscure. The Communist Hukbalahaps were still active in the Philippines. The ambiguous Sukarno regime in Indonesia was scarcely a reliable defense. India was the leading exponent of what seemed an equally ambiguous "neutralism." The rise of Nasser in Egypt appeared to be providing an open bridge for the Communist conquest of the whole of Africa. There were centers of Communist infection in Latin America, and (to more heated imaginations) significant centers of the same kind within the American body politic itself.

IT IS not surprising that a vulgar opportunist like Senator Joseph McCarthy flourished on these fears, or that to millions of Americans the cold war with Communism seemed the one overwhelmingly important fact of international politics; just as to millions within the Communist bloc, defense against the machinations of Western capitalistic "imperialists" and "warmongers" appeared to be the beginning and end of international relations. Most Americans felt overwhelmed by the very concept of a vast, consolidated, and essentially evil or immoral power threatening the remainder of the globe with a huge army, on which great air and atomic power had now been superimposed. They felt further dismay at the prospect that this power would, when its military instruments seemed temporarily unserviceable, continue its advance by using infiltrating tactics to which Western democracy could find no answer and which were irreversible in their nature.

This was the pretty grim scenario

MR. MILLIS is an editor-at-large of *SR* and a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. He has written extensively on the problems of achieving and maintaining a peaceful world order; many of his essays in this area appear in *A World Without War* (with Harrison Brown, et al; Washington Square Press, 1961) and *The Abolition of War* (with James Real; Macmillan, 1963). The above article will appear this week as a Center pamphlet published through the Irving Laucks Fund, and will be included in a book by Mr. Millis to be published early next year by Atheneum.

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that most of us were contemplating in the mid-1950s. Ten years later, very little of it remained. The nuclear arms race had not only failed to produce the catastrophe that had seemed so horribly imminent; it was also showing quite definite signs of "leveling off" toward stability. The United States and the Soviet Union between them were still spending perhaps $100 billion a year or more on defense and the weapons race. But the weapons systems themselves appeared to be reaching a plateau of cost and complication (and unreliability) beyond which they were unlikely to go. Khrushchev's projected 100-million-tonner aroused little competitive response in the Pentagon. The test-ban treaty, with its real promise of slowing the technological race, was successfully signed, ratified, and delivered in 1963. The fantastic and horribly grotesque idea of orbiting weapons systems designed to rain multi-megaton thermonuclears on earth (to what possible ends?) appeared to be fading before the saner light of economic, technological, and even military reality. And the chances of some "technological breakthrough" that would disastrously alter all the military balances seemed to grow more remote as the weapons themselves grew more colossal and politically unusable.

THE "delicate balance of terror" to which Albert Wohlstetter pointed in 1958 had in fact proved much sturdier and more stable than he had suggested. It may still be "delicate" enough if one thinks only in military terms; but it has been surrounded by political and moral factors — even those of plain common sense — which have severely damped its potential oscillations. The successful surmounting of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 demonstrated the comparative inutility of the great weapons systems, even in their symbolic role, for the practical conduct of international politics. The subsequent test-ban treaty, probably for the first time in the whole history of disarmament, subordinated the strictly military balance to considerations of a more rational international politics. The continuing development of "deterrence" strategy was, in the minds of the soldiers and airmen themselves, undermining in a curious way the basic assumptions of the war system. By 1964 there seemed little likelihood of a major international war except, perhaps, by technological or, more importantly, political "accident." It is very doubtful that anyone, even the soldiers and technicians engaged in the maintenance and development of the great weapons systems, could really believe in 1964 that a massive thermonuclear exchange would ever take place.

There had been great changes in both the Soviet Union and the larger Communist empire. Communism was no longer the monolith that it had seemed in the mid-Fifties. Khrushchev had been in firm command through most of the ten years, and had gradually developed new policies and new outlooks to the point at which they could no longer be regarded as simply the old ones in a deceptive disguise. "De-Stalinization" had been announced in February, 1956. This was apparently the beginning of the rift between Soviet and Chinese Communism, which was to have a powerful effect in restoring to the international political process a flexibility and a genuine utility in adjusting the power struggle that was impossible in the rigid strait jacket of military threat.

IT was not simply that Khrushchev was different from Stalin; the truth was that he was both responding to and exemplifying political necessities that any Soviet regime would sooner or later have been forced to accept. As he gradually but persistently developed the policy of "coexistence," he was accepting the inevitable: Since neither the Soviet nor Western power centers could any longer hope to take over the dominance of the world, coexistence became unavoidable. At the same time he was confronted with other pressures that compelled a policy of coexistence rather than of total war. There was the rise of an educated, bureaucratic elite, which could not forever be kept as the mere puppets of old Communism, any more than the bourgeois bureaucracy of Alexander III's time could be kept forever as mere slavish clerks to the old empire. There was the rising pressure for more consumer goods and better food supplies that no regime with claims to permanence could disregard. No longer could everything be sacrificed to capital goods and to "defense," and if coexistence was in fact a safe and practicable policy it meant that these sacrifices to war were no longer justifiable.

These circumstances introduced politics, rather than mere dictation, into the internal affairs of the Soviet Union. It was not, of course, a democratic form of politics; but Khrushchev was already a political leader, rather than merely a czar, in the Soviet state. To continue to function, he had to keep behind him the Praesidium and the Central Committee, the great technical bureaucracies, and the "public opinion" which, if allowed little opportunity for vocal expression, plainly worked powerfully through these groups and classes and administrative structure to affect total policy. The Communist empire as a whole was proving too vast and varied an organism to be run centrally from Moscow. Tito's example had proved more profound in its effects than many in 1954 would have prophesied. Actual rebellion in the satellites still could, and would, be forcibly suppressed, as in East Germany and Hungary; but Poland, Czechoslovakia, and even Hungary herself by the early Sixties were gradually asserting a political autonomy more and more resembling that of Yugoslavia.

Mao Tse-tung's China (like Tito's Yugoslavia and, it is believed, Ho Chi-minh's North Vietnam) had never properly been a satellite; and it was China that really revived politics within the empire. From the mid-Fifties, a power issue between Peking and Moscow began to develop, more serious because there was here no such ultimate disparity of force as there was between Moscow and Belgrade. Coexistence was what finally brought it into the open. To make good a policy of coexistence Khrushchev could not push expansionist or threatening moves beyond the point of what the West could coexist with. To that extent he had to rewrite Lenin's theory of world revolution, and this in turn provided the Chinese Communists with a weapon against him in the power struggle.

It may be doubted whether the Chinese, any more than the Russians, really envisage a third world war of universal destruction leading to global Communism. But there is a certain parallel between the way in which they have used Khrushchev's "co-existentialism" as a means of weighting their own power in the internal Communist power balances, and the way in which Hitler used the alleged spinelessness of the Weimar Republic toward the "diktat" of Versailles as means of securing his power in Germany. The fact that there can hardly be any real question of a Sino-Soviet war here means that in an

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important area of the world's power relationships a nonviolent form of politics has been substituted for the crassly military forms that are usually thought to rule.

By 1964, both the Soviet Union and the Communist empire constructed around it revealed great and progressive changes from what they had been ten years before, and even greater changes from what they had seemed to us to be. The United States and the Western community constructed around it had changed as well. For Americans, the cold war had been gradually losing the psychological and intensely emotional values that attached to it in the mid-Fifties; and the phrase itself was less and less often heard. At the tragic climax of his career, President Kennedy was still talking about preserving the world for "freedom," but he was much less inclined than his predecessor had been to throw into his perorations the conventional tag about the unchanging Communist resolve "to conquer the world." Eisenhower had always, of course, been a sincere believer in peace and coexistence—if only the Russians would agree to coexist. It is hard to doubt that Kennedy and his advisers made a decision for coexistence which, because it was far more intelligent and perceptive than preceding policy had ever been, must rank with Khrushchev's in its historical importance. The Kennedy Administration (in part because of the necessities of domestic politics and the domestic power struggle) never relaxed its care for military defense; and on the eve of the assassination the Secretary of Defense was declaring that American military power was in an unchallengeable position of superiority. But it was in its attention to the nonmilitary aspects of a genuine coexistence that the Kennedy Administration revealed the changes being recorded in the United States no less than in the Soviet Union.

It was a minor symbol, but a symbol nevertheless, when Robert Oppenheimer, whom Eisenhower had put behind "a blank wall" on the suspicion that he was a "security risk," was awarded the Fermi medal and was to have received it from Kennedy's hands. The fact was that it was growing increasingly impossible to see the whole of international politics in terms of a cold war between the "free world" and Communist "slavery." The fears of the mid-Fifties, to which American cold-war policy had been a response, were proving increasingly illusory. Nasser had not opened a bridge for Communism into Africa. Southeast Asia had not fallen like a "row of dominoes" to Communist domination and, whatever the outcome might prove to be, the metaphor seemed increasingly inapplicable. Much of the "free world" appeared to be growing increasingly unfree in the old terms of liberal constitutionalism; but much of the "unfree" world appeared to be exerting a capacity for organization, change, and growth that was beyond control by American military or economic aid or even by the Peace Corps or its Point Four predecessor. As the original fears tended to diminish through the ten years, the practical difficulties of policy became not less but only greater. At the end of 1963 the United States had been learning, in Castro's Cuba, in Ngo Dinh Diem's South Vietnam, as it had already begun to learn from Syngman Rhee's South Korea, that everything was far more complicated than the simplicities of cold war strategy had suggested.

"History may call us decadent. I say we are running scared."

ONE simply could not organize a working international politics around the two poles of Communism and democracy. It was apparent that over great areas of the globe it would be a long time before anything at all closely resembling Western representative democracy could evolve from the patterns of populistic dictatorship that were becoming more and more the norm in international politics. In the new international system the Western powers had to adjust to and make use of them; the Russian and Chinese power centers, in trying to make use of them, also had to adjust to them. Khrushchev, yielding to nationalist pressures from which even Communism has never been free, admitted that there were "different roads to socialism." The West was being forced to admit on its part that there were different roads to "freedom" and that they might as often go by way of military-bureaucratic dictatorship as by way of the majority vote and a representative legislature. It was no longer possible to frame the whole of international politics in crass terms of "Communism" against "democracy," and the rigid bipolarization that had formed around these terms could not be maintained. Politically, economically, culturally, and even in science the "iron curtain" was much less impenetrable by 1964 than it had been ten years before; and if the phrase "cold war" was less often heard it was because it was no longer an adequate or useful description of the actual processes of international politics.

All this is what has visibly happened in the ten years or so between the development of the hydrogen or thermonuclear weapons and the signing of the test-ban treaty. The period is at least long enough to justify an extrapolation from trends that appear to be quite as clearly marked, if not more so, as those which from the early 1930s led more and more steadily toward the Second World War.

It is not, I think, at all unreasonable to predict today that the nuclear stale-

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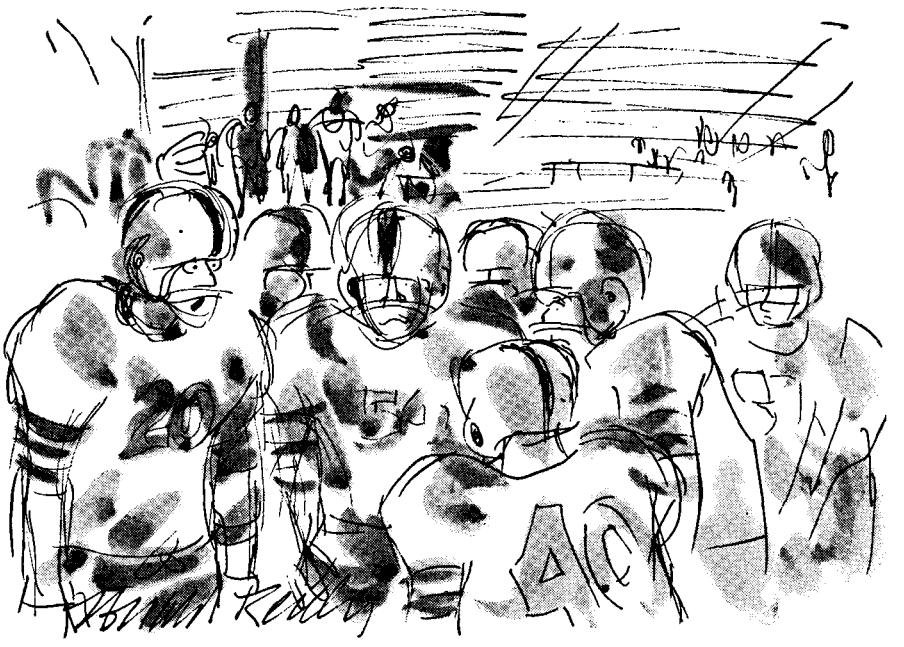
mate will continue indefinitely. The so-called "*n*th power" problem (i.e. the possibility that more and more nations will develop nuclear capability), which ten years before seemed the most dangerous aspect of the nuclear arms race, has in fact been developing toward nuclear stability. Only in France and China is there today any serious effort to enter the "nuclear club"; virtually all other nations have accepted the test-ban treaty. French nuclear development has given no indication that it can or will produce an independent military threat with an independent effect in international politics. Largely symbolic, it appears to be directed more toward establishing French power positions within the Western group than toward bringing military force directly to bear upon an international power balance that France cannot by itself affect.

The Soviet Union has latterly given no aid to the development of nuclear weapons in China but has seemed rather to obstruct it. Even if the Chinese nevertheless succeed within a relatively short time in producing some nuclear weapons, it will be many years before their material and industrial resources will permit them to build these instruments into a completed weapons system (including carriers, directional and target systems, warning and protective devices, and reserves) in any way comparable to the two giant systems controlled by the Soviet Union and the United States. They would still be in much the position of the French. A small Chinese nuclear "capability" would be under all the political restraints imposed by their basic alliance system, and would have more relevance to the power balances within the Communist empire than to those in the world.

"Accident," whether political or technological, is of course always possible in a world filled with such staggering amounts of such dangerous explosives. But, barring accident, there is nothing pointing today toward an ineluctable thermonuclear exchange, and one is justified in projecting this situation indefinitely. As it continues, what will be the effects on the world political system? It is granted that the power struggle, international and national, will never cease. It follows that if major war is excluded, alternative methods for conducting it must develop. Again, this has been a continuous trend over the past decade. The whole course of Cuban history since Fidel Castro emerged from Oriente supplies a case history in the conduct of the power struggle, certainly not without violence, but without major war, even though an explosive complex of local, social, class, national, and international power issues is involved. Whether or not the outcome as it had evolved by 1964 is "just" is a matter of passionate dispute, and is perhaps impossible of resolution. One can say that on balance it has been at least less unjust, and far more workable within accepted frameworks of international politics, than anything that could have been achieved through the vast destruction of a thermonuclear war.



"I'm almost positive their right guard is a robot."

Any review of the tangled history of Indo-China, from the Japanese defeat in 1945 down to the overthrow of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime in 1963 with the assassination of its two leaders, must lead to a similar conclusion. Neither Soviet nor Chinese Communism, on the one hand, nor Western democracy on the other ever succeeded in "taking over" the Indo-Chinese states or finally determining their destiny. The basic issues in Southeast Asia were of a kind in fact irrelevant to cold-war strategy and tactics. In the early postwar years, when the Communist leader, Ho Chi-minh, organized a nationalistic (not necessarily a popular) revolution against the French, it occurred to some that the West might do well to accept Ho, an apparently capable leader of local nationalism, as its ally in the reorganization of the world, rather than force him into the role of agent of Soviet and Chinese power. Such a policy might have been a rational one at the time; it was also an obviously impossible one because it would have run so deeply counter to the whole psychology and strategy of the cold war. So long as international politics was conceived of exclusively in the terms of a battle between democratic "freedom" and Communist "slavery," rational political maneuver was excluded. It is rather striking that in 1964 tendencies were appearing looking toward the organization of the power struggle in Southeast Asia around the real power factors available rather than merely continuing to fight it on ideological lines of little relevance to the area.

The United States had been obliged to accept "neutralist" solutions in Laos and Cambodia, and when the latter rejected any further military aid from the Americans we could only acquiesce and withdraw our missions. The principle had long been accepted in American policy that the war against Communist infiltration could only be won by the people of the countries concerned. And French policy appeared to be reverting in a suggestive way to the solution that had seemed so impossible a few years before. President de Gaulle was adumbrating the policy of neutralizing all four of the Indo-Chinese states under what would amount to acceptance of Ho Chi-minh's leadership throughout the area, and had initiated it by recognition of Peking. If this would mean ultimately a "Communist" victory in Indo-China, it would not necessarily mean a Chinese victory. It would, rather, detach Indo-China from the Chinese Communist empire; and would utilize the fact that the area is ethnically, linguistically, and economically distinct from China, and looks back upon a long and unhappy tradition of Chinese conquest, to create a more stable balance of forces in Southeast Asian power struggles. It would be substituting the actual power factors there for the unreal fantasies of cold-war strategy.

Whatever may be the course of events in Indo-China, it is solutions of this general kind that must increasingly be accepted, so long as the nuclear arsenals rule out a major war and it becomes increasingly apparent that even conven-

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tional armies are inapplicable in less than major war situations. The conflict situations that will continue to arise in the less stable areas of the world will in general be of two kinds. On the one hand, there will be those—as in Berlin, in the Formosan dispute, and perhaps some others—in which resort even to conventional war involves so immediate a risk of major or general war as to exclude it. On the other hand, there will be those—of which the whole Indo-China complex is a good example—in which the risk of "escalation" is slight or non-existent, but in which the resort to conventional war can accomplish none of the desired results.

The major reason why the United States did not intervene militarily to "save" China from the Communists in the later Forties was not fear of a major war with the Soviet Union, but the sheer impossibility of controlling the Chinese problem by a military effort, even on an enormous scale. The same thing was true in the case of Indo-China when the French defenses were collapsing in 1954. If the French Army, even with large American military assistance, could not "save" that situation, it was most improbable that an American Army could do so, even if it were raised to the forbidding levels that General Matthew Ridgway, then Chief of Staff, warned would be necessary even for the attempt.

The American failure to employ armed invasion against the Castro revolution in Cuba was due much less to fears of Soviet intervention and of general war than to the patent fact that nothing could be gained by a full-dress American invasion—though we possessed an overwhelming conventional military power—except the probable creation of a costly chaos. Again the principle had to be accepted that foreign war was no answer to the Cuban problem (as it had once been, more or less, under the very different international conditions of half a century before); in the last analysis only the Cubans could "save" Cuba. American policy was forced to the lamentable expedient of the Bay of Pigs invasion. That it proved a fiasco does not alter the fact that it was about the only even theoretically practicable device remaining through which to apply armed force to a situation of this kind. And this will be the kind of situation that will increasingly govern in the power relations of the great military states both with each other and with the lesser powers. Some will be more responsive to violent solutions and more productive of violence than was the Cuban situation. But organized war, prepared and conducted by major forces of the great armed powers, or even of the few lesser ones that can be considered as seriously armed to meet foreign war (like Israel, for example, or Sweden), will become an increasingly unlikely possibility.

What this must imply is that the military establishments will progressively decline into forces policing, through their defensive roles, a more or less established world order; while international politics advances to the generally non-violent regulation and adjustment of the power struggles that will continue to take place in the world. The threat of war, as it becomes increasingly less "credible" and less usable, is bound to become less and less prominent in international affairs; while the question of whether the enormous costs and even more enormous perils of the super-militarized system cannot be dispensed with is bound to become more urgent. A general and complete disarmament already seems to most to be necessary; it will come increasingly to seem possible and practicable. Again, it is a matter of extrapolation from presently observable trends.

Today, general and complete disarmament is irremediably bogged in the old dilemma of disarmament conferences. By lending maximum political importance to the weapons systems they are trying to abolish, they automatically estop any progress toward their abolition. I think it quite impossible today to draft a general disarmament treaty so exactly balancing all the military factors—force levels, controls, inspections, and so on—that it will be generally acceptable either to the few military great powers or to the many smaller ones. Nor is there any escape from the dilemma in the often-heard argument that since it is "international tensions" that lead to the creation of armaments, advance must lie through the reduction of the tensions, whereupon the reduction of armaments will follow.

There are two difficulties in this argument. For one thing, it is very largely the armaments that produce the current tensions; for another thing, the elimination of "tension"—in the sense of conflict of will or even of interest in the international system—is impossible. What is beginning already to emerge is the realization that, whether regarded as cause or as effect, the great armaments are increasingly *irrelevant* to international power politics. It is impossible today to draft a generally acceptable disarmament treaty; but in a few years' time it will be possible at least to draft a constitution for a demilitarized world to which the great weapons systems will be irrelevant and upon which a disarmament treaty might therefore be founded.

The authors of the American Constitution, after all, first produced a workable design for their "more perfect union." Only with this general design in hand did they proceed to the specific clauses establishing the mutual disarmament that the general design required—the clauses forbidding the states to make war, bringing their armed forces (the militia) under the control of the central government, and so on. Similarly, disarmament conferences will increasingly be forced to begin with the constitutional problem of a demilitarized world, rather than leaving this as a decorative afterthought to be appended to their nice balances of force-levels and inspec-

"It's awfully cute, dear, but I'm afraid it eats a lot."

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tion-systems. Studies like the very modest one conducted in 1963 by the Peace Research Institute (on behalf of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency) into the "political control of an international police force under general disarmament"* will more and more provide the foundations for demilitarization, supplanting in this respect the present technological investigations into such things as the detectability of underground nuclear explosions. The test-ban treaty has given us our first small inkling of the truth, that it is only as such technical issues as detectability, or energy release, or similar comparative military factors become irrelevant in international politics that advance toward demilitarization will become possible.

A FEW years hence, people will be talking much more about demilitarization than about disarmament, and will be seeing demilitarization as a constitutional problem rather than as the technical problem now apparently subsumed under the heading of disarmament. There are already, of course, many proposed constitutions for a peaceable world, from the Covenant of the League or the Charter of the United Nations to Clark and Sohn's book, *World Peace Through World Law*. All, I think, suffer from the fact that they start from the assumption that organized international war is a factor inherent in international social organization, and confine themselves to attempts at suppressing it, or at least mitigating its incidence.

The developing draft constitution of a demilitarized world will differ from these. It will have to start from the assumption, not merely that major wars can be suppressed, but that the war system itself is actually passing into desuetude and can be abolished. Since organized war will in fact be growing increasingly unlikely and increasingly peripheral to the normal conduct of international politics, these tentative constitution-makers will be compelled to face up frankly to the possibility of its total disappearance. They will have to ask themselves (as no one, I think, has as yet really done) what new interconnections, feed-backs, and servo-mechanisms this trend is bringing into the total system of international politics, and how they would continue to operate if carried to the logical conclusion of general demilitarization. From such questions it is bound soon to emerge that the problem of war is not really one of partially de-fanging or chaining up the war system; it is the much more creative one of how to make positive use of the possibilities that a demilitarized world would open up.

*Arthur Waskow: "Quis Custodiet?" with accompanying papers. Washington: Peace Research Institute, 1963.

In a way, this is what the authors of the American Constitution did. They first projected the advantages of a "more perfect union." They then considered the checks and balances that would be necessary to make it work. One of them, clearly, was the mutual disarmament of the states. But their system was not founded upon state disarmament; state disarmament came more as a consequence of the new Federal system than as the basis on which the system was established. There was no precise apportionment of military power as among the states; inspection systems were not set up to insure, for example, that New York would not be surpassed by Pennsylvania's militia, or that Virginia's regiments would have a precisely balancing equality with those of Massachusetts The Civil War may suggest that the solutions were imperfect. It does not alter the fact that this was the way in which solutions had to be sought then, as it still is now.

It is plain that the accomplishment of the unusually able men who made up the leadership of the Philadelphia Convention cannot be repeated today. They were dealing with a generally homogeneous community of about four million souls, sharing long and common traditions of law, politics, and military organization. The global problem of today involves a total population a thousand times as great, with no common language and with a wide disparity of cultural and political traditions. Even if the world had at its command brains as able as those of Madison, Hamilton, Adams, and Washington, they could not in a single summer's session produce a constitution for a demilitarized globe approximating the soundness of the constitution for a mutually demilitarized America produced at Philadelphia in 1787. But the new constitutional work, if it proceeds less rapidly, will have to proceed along the same lines as the old. The organization of the power struggle comes first; control over the various instrumentalities, military or otherwise, of power can be attended to once the basic organization is understood and agreed on.

As attention turns in this direction, it will be seen at once that the basic issue is focused in the police. The underlying objective is the creation of a policed world in place of the present world, which is periodically torn to rags by its own military establishments. The essential requirements for a world in general controlled by police rather than by military actions must soon become clear; the difficulties these requirements present will appear to be something less than insuperable. It cannot be the function of an international (or supranational) organization to resolve the world's power struggles; the most it can expect to do is to see that they are as far as possible constrained to nonviolent means. In the world system as a whole the coercive or police power requisite for this will overwhelmingly be supplied by the national governments and their national police forces. Some power problems will remain, however, which can be dealt with only on the international level. As the nuclear stalemate continues, it will be seen that they are much less extreme and much less intractable than they had ap-

(*Continued on page* 30)

"Don't blame me, Miss Collins, I'm powerless to stop it. It's the curse that's driving me on."

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Saturday Review

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Revelation on the East River

WITHIN RECENT months a professor of political science has exploded the tenaciously held notion that the United Nations takes more out of the American economy than it puts in. In a brilliant research paper called "The Impact of the U.N. on the Finances of the USA," Professor John H. E. Fried has shown that the U.N. has a most significant and salubrious effect on the economic life of New York City and the country generally.

The professor's findings have been developed as part of a Brookings Institution study of the U.N.'s finances; portions of the paper appear in a recent Brookings volume by John G. Stoessinger and Associates, *Financing the United Nations.*

The first part of Professor Fried's report describes the U.N. complex's impact on New York City and environs during 1962. It turns out that, far from being a drag, the U.N. in 1962 poured upwards of $67,000,000 into the city's economic veins. This awesome amount flowed through many channels: expenditures by permanent and temporary U.N. personnel; various rental and maintenance expenses; telephone, cable, and utilities billings; maintenance of U.N. missions by foreign governments, payments by the U.N. for travel expenses, and so on.

According to Professor Fried, "In 1962, gross salaries and wages for United Nations staff stationed anywhere in the world amounted to $40,973,300. From this total, altogether $8,741,400—or slightly over one-fifth—was withheld by the United Nations for tax equalization (staff assessment).

"Of the 4,480 recipients, 2,951 were stationed at New York headquarters. Their share in gross salaries and wages was $26,218,400. If the average deduction for tax equalization applied to them, they received $20,726,000. Informed estimates indicate that they send or spend 10 per cent abroad. Hence, the amount flowing into the City was $18,700,000. In 1962 . . . the earnings of the 160 UNICEF personnel stationed in New York were $1,610,400 (gross) . . . or . . . approximately $1,400,000 (net). Deducting 10 per cent as sent or spent abroad, the amount that flowed into the City was $1,250,000."

THE surprises continue as the paper moves on to the U.N.'s "Impact Upon the U.S. Economy as a Whole." Here we learn that the U.N. each year returns to the national economy roughly four times the amount contributed to the U.N. by the USA. Counting in benefits to New York, Professor Fried finds that in 1962 something more than $87,000,000 was returned to U.S. businesses by the U.N., as compared with the approximately $24,000,000 that was America's share of the regular U.N. budget.

The national economy also benefited from purchases by the U.N., and by UNICEF.

In the case of the latter organization, Professor Fried notes, "Purchases of goods by UNICEF . . . are of two types: (a) Considerable quantities of goods, including medical supplies and equipment, DDT, equipment for milk-conservation plants, and the like, are bought from UNICEF's own assets. In 1962, goods worth $9,150,000 were thus bought by UNICEF in the United States for shipment overseas; (b) At the request of governments and against reimbursement by them, UNICEF purchases other goods for shipment. . . . In 1962, these procurement purchases amounted to $1,468,000, of which . . . $815,000 was made in the United States. Hence, UNICEF purchases of United States goods amounted . . . to $10,000,000."

The shipment overseas of these U.S. goods entailed payments in the millions to a number of American shipping companies. (Professor Fried adds, incidentally, that private contributions to various U.N. agencies, and moneys spent on such special projects as the Congo operation, also feed back partially into the economy; but the paper does not trace this flow in any detail.)

In the remarkable final section of his paper, Professor Fried appraises the "Investment of Assets of the U.N. System in the USA," and finds the picture "intriguing." As well he might, for his researches show that in 1962 the U.N. Joint Staff Pension Fund had investments of over $100 million in U.S. Government Bonds, the bonds and common stocks of U.S. corporations, and the bonds of U.S. public agencies.

AN even more improbable plateau is reached in the passage on the four U.N. institutions with headquarters in Washington: the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, the International Finance Corporation, and the International Development Association.

"The cumulative total of the investments in the U.S. held by all four," Professor Fried notes, ". . . as of 1962 . . . amounted to almost $1.6 billion. . . . These agencies . . . cover their entire administrative expenditures from their own income. . ."

After mentioning further U.S. exports of $100,000,000, financed through the World Bank, Professor Fried concludes dryly, "Americans are generous; but it galls them to be called 'suckers.' The above calculations—even the first $80-odd-million figure alone—suggest that this image is not justified."

Clearly, the professor's revelations will take quite some getting used to, especially among those who have scorned the U.N. as a poor relation, a kind of remittance man within the family of nations. It will, in fact, be ironic if these and other detractors of the parliament-of-man idea suddenly find themselves supporting the U.N. not because they admire its moral and political achievement, but simply because they have discovered that the darned thing brings in a buck. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mating Season

IN THE CARTOON on page 19 of *SR*, Aug. 22, the lady who is mating is playing a chess board which is seven squares wide and ten squares deep. With such an unorthodox setup, she could no doubt mate Bobby Fisher, and that, my mates, is quite some mating.

WILLIAM M. HAPP.

Escondido, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We should have known that, even in a cartoon, a mistake about chess is nothing to joke about.*

Horsing Around

NOTING FRED SPARKS'S quote from *Too Many Americans* [AS IT HAPPENS, *SR*, Aug. 22], about horse-drawn wagons averaging eleven miles per hour, I don't believe draft horses could do that. A driving horse that would cover ten miles in an hour was considered a good one, and a horse that walks four miles per hour is better than average.

MRS. GLENN E. ROWELL.

Tunbridge, Vt.

The Southpaw Syndrome

FOR A FEW MOMENTS I was intrigued by the possibility that there might be an unusually high proportion of left-handed women in Northern Nigeria (cover photograph, *SR*, Aug. 15). I think I solved the puzzle before speculation ran rampant. Is the photograph printed from a reversed (mirror-image) negative?

JANE BINDRA.

Montreal, Quebec

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes.*

True to Type

REGARDING John G. Fuller's TRADE WINDS, *SR*, Aug. 22, I have no idea of what I would do with ten pounds of soda biscuits, but here is my sentence: I waved if his crazy black ox quit jumping (thirty-four letters).

"The quick brown fox . . ." has thirty-three letters, so I'm nine below Mr. Fuller's budget. Shouldn't that be worth a half-pound more?

G. R. HAWES.

White Plains, N.Y.

Irish Bull-oney

COME ON NOW, Mr. Ciardi [MANNER OF SPEAKING, *SR*, Aug. 8]. Your bulls are clever, but not Irish. Just listen to an Irishman explaining what an Irish bull really is: When you're walking down the road and over in the field you see thirteen cows sittin' down, the wan standin' up is the bull.

ALEC (O') MORRISON.

Youngstown, O.

The Iron Bull

JOHN G. FULLER, in TRADE WINDS [*SR*, July 25], has some fun with the Madison Avenue copywriters, chiding them for their foibles of grammar and their frequently amusing excesses of enthusiasm when hawking their clients' products or services.

Mr. Fuller is, I believe, hoist by his own petard when he charges Madison Avenue concepts with "invading the lonely domain of the train whistle as it wails across the prairies or through the trackless forest."

I have this question for Mr. Fuller: How, in heaven's name does this train, with its wailing whistle, get through the trackless forest? Surely we have here a worthy candidate for the *New Yorker's* neatest trick of the week!

A. WELLS PETTIBONE.

Hannibal, Mo.

Serendipity Unlimited

THANK YOU FOR the guest editorial, "A Magnet for ideas," by Frederick L. Redefer, in *SR*, Aug. 8. I would like to offer my services as vice president for serendipity to anyone who's interested. My qualifications for such a post are obvious. I'm inexperienced in just about any field you can name.

JOHN H. MAURER.

Evergreen Park, Ill.

The Woman's Role

AS A COLLEGE FRESHMAN and a young woman, I am tired of letters similar to Mrs. Carol Behrman's [*SR*, Aug. 1] that begin, "I'm tired of hearing from people who think being a housewife isn't the most important thing in the world."

How many intelligent women (and men) actually believe that maximum improvement in the human condition can take place when a frighteningly large part of the people who could do the improving in all fields of thought and action choose to limit themselves to one field? Such a decision is popularly acceptable and probably easier than its alternative, but I believe it can be immoral. Many happy women have made valuable contributions to the society outside their own homes without neglecting their husbands and children. They have needed imagination and courage, qualities not historically lacking in women—but perhaps we have changed.

CLAIBORNE RAY.

Aiken, S.C.

Mater Familias

MRS. BEHRMAN CLAIMS that she has "yet to hear of a truly adequate substitute for the family unit and mother love . . ."

A woman with grown children of her own watches my two-year-old daughter every day while I teach. She enjoys every moment of it, and my daughter loves her. I would rather teach than stay home, and I enjoy my daughter much more now that I have my teaching to do, too. I am also a better, happier, and calmer mother, too.

As for doing something creative, I teach thirty-six first-grade children to read, write, add, and enjoy school. Isn't this being creative? It's wonderful to be a working mother, and I would *not* trade places with a stay-at-home for all the money in the world.

MRS. MARSHALL SROGE.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

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MORE openly than ever before, the new theater season would appear to be continuing the recent trend in which Broadway presents mostly new comedies and musicals, plus a number of imported attractions whose success here has been enhanced both by previous critical and popular approval abroad and by substantial savings in production cost.

The brand-new comedies include Jean Kerr's *Poor Richard,* an anti-romantic romantic comedy about a contemporary British poet who becomes involved with the pretty secretary his publisher has assigned him for his New York visit. Later, in March, Neil Simon will attempt to follow the success of his *Barefoot in the Park* with *The Odd Couple,* in which Art Carney and Walter Matthau will play two recently divorced men adapting to their new freedom. Also a comedy, though perhaps with more serious intent, will be novelist Saul Bellow's first play, *The Last Analysis,* which deals with a TV comic who wants to be a dramatic actor.

Of the new American dramas, most eagerly awaited are *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* by Lorraine Hansberry, who wrote *Raisin in the Sun;* and Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy.* That the latter will be performed by the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater Company is one more evidence of a changing pattern, in which Mr. Miller, Tennessee Williams, and Thornton Wilder have had their most recent works performed free of commercial pressures.

Although the list of imports is smaller than in the two previous years, perhaps because of a tightening of Immigration Department regulations, it boasts London's "Best New Foreign Play" of each of the last two seasons (*The Physicists,* and *Poor Bitos*), London's "Best New British Play" of 1963-1964 (*Alfie*), and London's "Best New Musical of 1963-1964" (*Oh, What a Lovely War!*). The latter is director Joan Littlewood's staging of the ironies reflected in the music hall sketches and songs of World War I. Two other high-quality imports will be given American premières by the APA Repertory Company, which will bring *Judith* and *War and Peace* to the Phoenix, along with a revival of *Man and Superman.* Other revivals include Lincoln Center's *The Changeling* and *Tartuffe,* the National Repertory Theatre's *Liliom, Hedda Gabler,* and *She Stoops to Conquer,* and a Phoenix production of *Doctor Faustus.*

The new musicals are generally most notable for their performers. However, *Fiddler on the Roof* offers songs by Bock and Harnick, and in February Burton Lane will return to Broadway after an eighteen-year absence, to furnish the score for an Alan Lerner musical.

—HENRY HEWES.

Fall in the Theater

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
DOMESTIC	A GIRL COULD GET LUCKY, Don Appell	Pat Hingle, Betty Garrett	Sun., Sept. 20 Cort
	THE LAST ANALYSIS, Saul Bellow	Sam Levene, Alex Elias, Murvyn Vye	Tue., Sept. 29 Belasco
	THE SIGN IN SIDNEY BRUSTEIN'S WINDOW, Lorraine Hansberry	Mort Sahl, Rita Moreno, Alice Ghostley	Wed., Sept. 30 Longacre
	BEEKMAN PLACE, Samuel Taylor	Fernand Gravet, Arlene Francis, Melinda Dillon	Wed., Oct. 7 Morosco
	LUV, Murray Schisgal	Eli Wallach, Alan Arkin, Anne Jackson	Wed., Nov. 11 Booth
	SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND, William Hanley	Clarence Williams, Carolan Daniels	Tue., Dec. 1 Plymouth
	POOR RICHARD, Jean Kerr	Alan Bates, Shirley Knight, Gene Hackman	Wed., Dec. 2 Helen Hayes
	INCIDENT AT VICHY, Arthur Miller	Lincoln Center Repertory Theater Company	Thur., Dec. 3 ANTA - Wash.
BOOKS	ABSENCE OF A CELLO, Ira Wallach (his own novel)	Fred Clark, Mala Powers, Ruth White	Mon., Sept. 21 Ambassador
	A SEVERED HEAD, J. B. Priestley, Iris Murdoch (from her novel)	Lee Grant, Robin Bailey, Joan Fontaine	Wed., Oct. 14 Royale
	I WAS DANCING, Edwin O'Connor (his own novel)	Burgess Meredith, Dennie Moore	Wed., Nov. 4 Lyceum
IMPORT	TRAVELER WITHOUT LUGGAGE, Jean Anouilh (Ad: Lucienne Hill)	Ben Gazzara, Mildred Dunnock, Blanche Yurka	Thur., Sept. 17 ANTA
	THE PHYSICISTS, Friedrich Duerrenmatt (Ad: James Kirkup)	Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Martin Green	Thur., Oct. 8 Martin Beck
	OH, BURY ME NOT etc., Mihura, De Laiglesia (Ad: Hugh Wheeler)	Jean Simmons	Tue., Nov. 10 Barrymore
	POOR BITOS, Jean Anouilh (Tr: Lucienne Hill)	Donald Pleasance, Charles D. Gray	Sat., Nov. 14 Cort
	P.S. I LOVE YOU, André Roussin (Ad: Lawrence Roman)	Paula Prentiss, Claude Dauphin	Thur., Nov. 19 Henry Miller's
	ALFIE, Bill Naughton	Terence Stamp	Wed., Dec. 16
MUSICAL	FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Joseph Stein, Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick (*Tevye and His Daughters*)	Zero Mostel, Beatrice Arthur, Maria Karnilova, Joanna Merlin	Tue., Sept. 22 Imperial
	GOLDEN BOY, Charles Strouse, Lee Adams (Odets play)	Sammy Davis, Jr., Billy Daniels, Paula Wayne	Mon., Sept. 28 Majestic
	OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR!, Charles Chilton	Victor Spinetti, Barbara Windsor	Wed., Sept. 30 Broadhurst
	BEN FRANKLIN IN PARIS, Sidney Michaels, Mark Sandrich	Robert Preston, Ulla Sallert	Tue., Oct. 13 Lunt-Fontanne
	SOMETHING MORE!, Nate Monaster, Marilyn and Alan Bergman, Sammy Fain (*Portofino P.T.A.*)	Arthur Hill, Barbara Cook, Viveca Lindfors, Ronny Graham	Thur., Nov. 5 Eugene O'Neill
	BAJOUR, Ernest Kinoy, Walter Marks (Joseph Mitchell stories)	Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, Herschel Bernardi	Thur., Nov. 19 Shubert
	I HAD A BALL, Jerome Chodorov, Jack Lawrence, Stan Freeman	Buddy Hackett, Mae Barnes, Buddy Greco	Sun., Dec. 6 Broadhurst
OTHER	THE COMMITTEE, an intimate revue	Garry Goodrow, Kathryn Ish, Dick Stahl	Wed., Sept. 16 Henry Miller's
	COMEDY IN MUSIC, a one-man show	Victor Borge, Leonid Hambro	Mon., Nov. 9 Golden
	ZIZI, a French revue	Zizi Jeanmaire, Roland Petit	Wed., Nov. 18 Plymouth

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A Couple of Capers

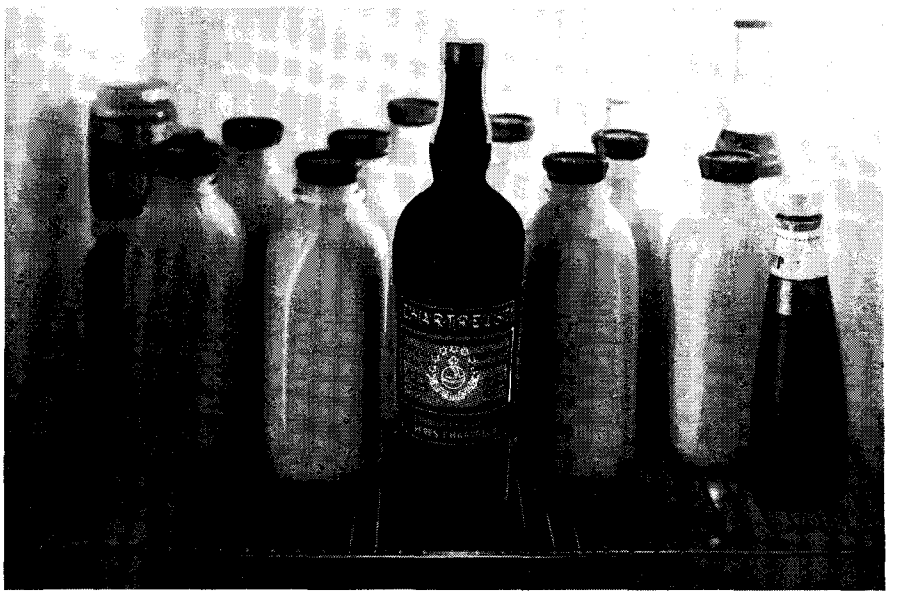
THE title of the new motion picture by Jules Dassin, *Topkapi,* doesn't offer much of a clue to its content, so let me say at once that the film is based on an Eric Ambler thriller, *The Light of Day;* that it is a vastly entertaining, civilized, intricately constructed tale of suspense; and that it has, in such people as Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley, exactly the actors to do it justice. Mr. Dassin, one of the most cinematically knowledgeable directors of our time, worked from an excellent script by Monja Danischewsky, obviously, but it is also apparent that many of the film's most original touches emanate from him alone. And every now and then, as though finding the story exactly suited to his talents, he goes off on color photography expeditions that absorb and fascinate without ever interfering with his deft unfolding of incident. He also accomplishes that difficult trick of maintaining a balance between humor and mock seriousness.

It is Miss Mercouri's desire in the film to lift from its seemingly impregnable position in the Topkapi Palace Museum, in Istanbul, a dagger encrusted with four virtually priceless emeralds. She has a passion for jewels, and a passion for men, and finds an ideal temporary mate in Mr. Schell, who is a master jewel thief and Miss Mercouri's lover when she is not scouting around for other alliances. It is his opinion that the dagger (fastened on a dummy sultan's tunic) might best be obtained by enlisting a crew of amateurs, each with a handy specialty. He brings into the operation a nutty inventor (Robert Morley) and an English guide in Greece (Peter Ustinov), among others, this not to alarm the Turkish police or security forces. However, the bumbling Ustinov (who has never been funnier) manages not only to alarm the police, but unwittingly leads them to assume that the gang of thieves is a band of political terrorists, thus forcing them to carry out their caper under constant surveillance.

In line with the current movie fashion of kidding what used to be taken with sober seriousness, Mr. Dassin keeps his plot bubbling with humor, but as though to show that he once directed *Rififi,* he makes the obtaining of the dagger into a little *tour de force* of suspense on its own, seeming to take up where Hitchcock left off after *North by Northwest.* He makes colorful use of his Greek and Turkish backgrounds, and sets his whole gem-like, brilliant job off with an engaging musical score by Manos Hadjidakis, who worked for Dassin once before as the composer of the *Never on Sunday* themes.

THE trouble with this humorous approach to suspense, though, is that it makes the "straight" suspense story seem dull by comparison, and United Artists failed to take this into account when it decided to release *Woman of Straw* at about the same moment. Gina Lollobrigida and Sean Connery are the principals in this slow, solemn yarn about a British tycoon (Ralph Richardson) who marries a voluptuous Italian nurse. Connery, as the nephew of the old tyrant, acts as the matchmaker, with an eye to obtaining the family fortune. Miss Lollobrigida doesn't appear to know much about nursing, but she knows a fortune in the offing when she sees one. Soon enough, the old man dies and it is discovered to be murder most foul, but who is to blame? By this time, unfortunately, the audience doesn't care, for no one in the cast has much of a character to play, and the director, Basil Dearden, seems more concerned about getting his lighting just right than moving his story along. The film was made in England, where they usually do better than this.

A House is Not a Home, based on the Polly Adler memoirs, courageously examines the life of a brothel madam in Manhattan during the 1920s and comes to the conclusion that such a life brings neither happiness nor love. The movie, bravely presented by Joseph E. Levine, produced by Clarence Greene, and directed by Russell Rouse, implicitly advises young women against taking up the profession of brothel-keeper, warning that respectable men, engaged in honest work, seldom are willing to marry such women, and that they must face the prospect of luxurious loneliness and rich despair. The employees, beautifully clothed as they are, must nevertheless remain without friendly companionship on New Year's Eve, they must associate with gangster elements in the city, and should they become drug addicts they must leave the home provided them by the house. All this is dolefully told us and acted out by Shelley Winters, and one can only sympathize with her plight and wish that a better and happier life were possible for her and for her girls. But it is obvious that her only recourse would be a job or a business paying a good deal less, and one understands why she finds it necessary to swallow her bitter pill and remain a madam. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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Dixieland Cape Cod

THE recent opening of the "dipsy-doodle" Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel, leap-frogging across the waters between the tip of the Eastern Shore and Norfolk, and of a less pretentious but more graceful span some 100 miles to the south, has catapulted the little-known Outer Banks of North Carolina on to center stage as a travelers' oasis.

These long, narrow ribbons of sand, thrusting out into the Atlantic from the Virginia border to Cape Lookout and forming a protective barrier for the mainland against the ocean's fury, are Dixie's challenge to Cape Cod. Even more than its better publicized New England rival, this is a wild and lonely world of austere beauty characterized by shifting sea currents, towering sand dunes, rotting hulls of shipwrecks, and legends of pirate "pieces of eight." At its most primitive it belongs to another time and place.

Some of the similarities to Cape Cod are striking. The resort sections of the Outer Banks and the Cape are almost identical in length—seventy miles—but the latter is much wider at the bulge. Pamlico Sound is to the Banks as Cape Cod Bay is to the Cape; Nags Head is the capital of one as Hyannisport is of the other. Both were settled by English colonists in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, but Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated expedition was thirty-five years ahead of the *Mayflower*. Each is dotted with old fishing villages snuggled among the dunes, and their inhabitants are closer to each other in mores than to their respective mainlands. The Banks are the home of the first National Seashore Park, and the Cape is in the process of becoming the second. There the matching game ends.

For recreation purposes, the Outer Banks are divided into three islands separated by inlets: Bodie (pronounced "Body"), Hatteras (pronounced "Gamefish"), and Ocracoke (pronounced "Escape"). Bodie is the best known of the three to non-Southerners because it is the site of Nags Head, Kitty Hawk, and Kill Devil Hills, and is just across the sound from Roanoke Island and the Fort Raleigh National Monument. Like Newport, Nags Head has been a watering place since the 1750s, when the Carolinians fled the malaria of their native swamps to bathe in the sea and breathe the heady salt air. The town's curious name has been explained by a pretty tale involving horses, land pirates, and passing ships, but more likely it was named after a promontory on Britain's Scilly Isles.

Nags Head today is a rapidly growing, nondescript colony stretching along the Atlantic for fifteen miles like a long stringbean, with a wistful air of sophistication and the usual collection of motels, restaurants, and summer cottages. Kitty Hawk is the place where the Wright Brothers in 1903 first tested the quaint notion that man could fly under power, and Kill Devil Hills marks the site of a sixty-foot granite pylon, the Wright Brothers National Memorial, which proves they were right. The only other point of interest is a 135-foot dune called Jockeys Ridge, the highest on the Atlantic Coast.

WHILE not properly a port of the Banks, Roanoke Island and the town of Manteo have gained a certain amount of national fame in recent years as the scene of Paul Green's annual *Lost Colony* drama at the Fort Raleigh outdoor theater. As the sire of all off-Broadway, al fresco productions, this tells the touching story of the small band who became the first English settlers in the New World in 1585, produced the first white child, Virginia Dare, and vanished without a trace except for the one word "Croatan" carved on a tree.

The first collision of the Outer Banks with history, however, goes back almost a century before the Lost Colony. Some historians believe that Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine navigator, dropped anchor off Cape Hatteras as early as 1497, while checking on Christopher Columbus's outrageous yarns and before returning to Europe to name the new continent. Others record that Giovanni da Verrazano, the Italian explorer, poked around the premises in 1524 before he discovered New York Harbor and earned the reputation that led to the construction of a bridge in his name more than four centuries later.

Although they were slightly unpopular when they arrived on the scene a decade ago, the Big Brothers of the U.S. Park Service are generally credited for much of the development of the Banks, and they have put their stamp on almost everything on the islands through their supervision of the National Seashore Park. Their handiwork on Bodie consists of a smartly run visitor's center and Coquina Beach, with its ingenious, man-made "Shade Tree," which looks for all the world like an old-fashioned grandstand.

Hatteras is the longest and wildest of the islands, but it has recently been made more accessible by the completion of the toll-free Herbert C. Bonner Bridge across Oregon Inlet, replacing the ferry link to Bodie. A two-lane, black-top highway runs as straight as a slide rule and as flat as a pool table between ocean and sound along the fifty-mile stretch to Cape Hatteras and Hatteras Inlet. Along the way, the motorist passes through such delightfully named hamlets as Rodanthe (which claims to be the only place in the U.S. that celebrates "Old Christmas," on January 5, as well as December 25), Waves, Salvo, Avon, Buxton, and Frisco, all of which carry on the traditions of free enterprise within the protective arms of Uncle Sam and his park.

Cape Hatteras is dominated by the 208-foot, black-and-white-striped Hatteras Lighthouse, tallest in the U.S., which casts its beams for twenty miles out over treacherous Diamond Shoals and the fearful "Graveyard of the Atlantic." About twelve miles at sea the tropical Gulf Stream and the Arctic Labrador current collide in a watery explosion that has spelled disaster to at least 600 vessels over four centuries, from Spanish men-of-war to the federal ironclad *Monitor*, to World War II LSTs. The most celebrated victim of these wrecks, perhaps, was the beauteous Theodosia Burr Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr and wife of a governor of South Carolina, who was lost aboard the schooner *Patriot* in 1813 and who is a topic of mystery to this day. The Cape is better known today as "Gamefish Junction," in tribute to the many species of finny monsters found in its waters. The town of Hatteras, in fact, pleasures itself as the "Blue Marlin Capital of the World" and points to an 810-pounder snagged two years ago as evidence.

The aviator-hero Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, who had a quaint notion that the airplane was a weapon of war and proved it off these shores, is honored in the name of the Hatteras Airport and a motel.

BUT the pearl in the Outer Banks oyster by any reckoning is Ocracoke Island, the southernmost in the recreation chain. It can be reached only by ferry on an hour-long ride across Hatteras Inlet. This isolation has served to maintain it largely as a nineteenth-century fishing village. (A second ferry connects it with Morehead City on the mainland.) Despite a fanciful legend built around the English pirate Blackbeard, Ocracoke takes its name from the Indian Tribe Wokokon and its history from early English colonization. Here again, the link with Cape Cod is star-

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tling. Just as the Pilgrim fathers first landed at Provincetown before settling at Plymouth, the Raleigh party paused for several weeks at Ocracoke before moving on to Roanoke.

The island is about eighteen miles long and two miles across at its widest point, is populated only by a village at its southern tip, and is traversed by a hard-surfaced road. The village is a tightly knit community of 170 families and 500 members, give or take a few shrimpers, clustered around circular Silver Lake, which is no lake at all but a salt-water harbor about a quarter-mile wide. While it has around five miles of paved roads, many of its streets are nothing more than ankle-deep sandy lanes. They are shaded by scrub oaks, pine, and cedars with a scattering of fig trees.

OLDTIMERS such as seventy-six-year-old R. Stanley Wahab, who was born here, will tell you that twenty-five years ago Ocracoke had no paved roads, no electricity, no harbor, no refrigeration, and no telephones, and the "Banker" ponies, cattle, and pigs ran wild through the village. Many improvements were introduced during World War II for military reasons, at the instigation of the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard, but the island is still more remarkable for what it lacks in modern trappings than for what it has. Even today Ocracoke has no traffic lights, no supermarket, no movie house, no bar, no elevator, no bank, no hospital, no funeral home, no neon lights, no billboard, no jail, and no policemen—except for a deputy sheriff who occasionally ambles over from the mainland to put the pinch on traffic violators.

What Ocracoke does have in abundance is a vast expanse of virgin beach, spotless sand-crashing surf—and solitude as far as the soul can reach. It's a little bit of nirvana for bird watchers, shell collectors, driftwood spotters, and misanthropes who don't mind talking to themselves. Hunters make a rendezvous with wild ducks and Canadian geese, who winter in the marshes, from late autumn until after Christmas. Fishermen cast for channel bass in the surf from mid-April to mid-June and other species throughout the summer.

For such a small place, Ocracoke has a surprising number of sights to see. Most popular is Teach's Hole, where Edward Teach, or Blackbeard, is reputed to have lost his head to a naval posse early in the eighteenth century. Another is the tiny plot in which four British sailors whose ship was sunk by a German sub in 1942 lie buried. This may be the only British military cemetery in the U.S. A small herd of "Banker" ponies, bedraggled offspring of some shipwrecked Arabian stallions and lesser breeds, may be found roaming on the range north of the village. The Coast Guard Station and Tower fronting on Silver Lake are always good for a look. A stroll down the sandy "Village Street" is a must for those who wish to know what the town was like before the advent of progress.

When night falls, the choice of diversion is considerably narrowed. Drake's Restaurant, on the edge of town, offers dancing to a juke-box on Saturday nights and occasionally imports a small "combo" from the coast. Once in a while community dances are held at the school recreation hall, and there's talk of reviving square dancing. The Community Store ("All dry goods cash and carry. No layaways," the sign says) is the favorite gathering place after dark, and it stocks everything from a can of beans to a coffin—four sizes are kept on hand at all times for emergencies. The village is desert dry, not even beer or wine being available, but there is no objection to bringing in a private supply. Thus, the most exciting thing to do at night is to sit on the balcony of the Island Inn with glass in hand and watch the moon rise over Silver Lake while the breeze rustles through the marsh grass.

The Island Inn is the preferred hostelry because of its view of the harbor, but there are a half-dozen other small motels that are adequate. (All have surrendered to modern demands by installing air-conditioning and television sets in a few rooms.) Several tourist homes, operated by the standards of the Thirties, have rooms for hire, and cottages can be rented by the week or month.

Obviously no place for the Rocket Set, Ocracoke has a quiet charm that is difficult to put your finger on; but it just might be the personality of the people. A Colonial governor of the Carolinas once damned them as a "set of indigent, desperate outlaws and vagabonds," but they have long since lived down this slander. They are descended from a long and salty line of pirates, shipwrecked sailors, commercial fishermen, English colonists, Coast Guardsmen, and repressed mainlanders, all of whom preferred to live and die by the sea. Some of the oldtimers still betray their origins by pronouncing it "Hoigh Toide" and substituting a "w" for a "v" as in "Wirginia"—using an accent similar to that of Northern England in Elizabethan times—but this is fast dying out. As with Cape Codders, they are taciturn but loquacious, close-fisted but generous. School teachers Theodore Rondthaler and his wife Alice, who have been residents of the island for nearly thirty years, described their attitude towards visitors to us: "If you like us the way we are, come and see us. If not, go somewhere else."

—TREVOR L. CHRISTIE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horace Sutton is on vacation.*

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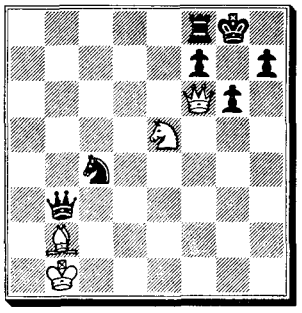

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Demilitarized World

Continued from page 23

peared to be in the system based upon major organized war.

But to police such problems—to insure, that is, that the international power struggle is continued with a minimum of violence—will call for the same essential elements as are required to maintain a comparatively nonviolent "order" within a nation or any lesser community. These are: at least a minimum body of police-enforceable law generally accepted and agreed to by all; a judicial system capable of interpreting and applying this law, within the areas to which it is revelant, in specific cases; an over-all coercive power capable of seeing that the regulations are generally observed and the judicial determinations accepted.

The minimum of law necessary, not to resolve international power struggles but to restrain them to substantially nonviolent means, is not in fact very complex. It need go little beyond the fundamental principle that armed aggression by any state upon another's territory is illegal, and that any attempt (after disarmament has become general) to revive the armaments capable of effecting such aggression is criminal. This much law is police-enforceable; there is universal agreement upon the first part of it already, and as organized war tends to become more and more clearly superfluous, agreement upon the second should become easier. Supra-national governmental institutions strictly confined to administering this much of world law, and provided with coercive or police forces rigidly limited in their empowerment to upholding it, should then become feasible.

One can picture a global conference of the nations being summoned not too many years from today. Its object would be general demilitarization; but in its approach and its methods it would be unlike any disarmament conference so far held. It would begin, not with the technical balancing-acts that are the customary preoccupations of such gatherings, but with the design of a global system, or constitution, that would be workable under a state of demilitarization. Even in this it would not conceive its task (as international conferences have so often done) as that of creating a system to "enforce peace" or to "keep the peace"; its object would be a system capable only of enforcing that minimum of global law necessary to make peace—in the restricted sense of the absence of major organized warfare—possible.

It would not regard itself as a legislature, or even as a "constituent assembly" of the kind that has loomed so large in French and other modern histories. Its purpose would not be to make law, but rather to discern and declare those elements of law, order, and organization already available in the world for the working circuitry of a demilitarized system. It would have to be broadly representative in character, but the precise weighting of the voting rights would be as unimportant as they were in the Philadelphia Convention, because the aim, as was true of the Convention, would not be to record the triumph of majority over minority views but to state fundamentals on which all could and would substantially agree. Out of such a gathering there would—and quite probably will in the not too distant future—emerge a working diagram of a world "policed."

The diagram will be submitted for general ratification. To succeed, it must obviously receive the unanimous acceptance of all the great military states and of as many of the lesser ones as may seem necessary to avoid the subsequent destruction of the systems. The pressures for universal acceptance will be very powerful: the desire to escape the appalling threat of the great weaponry; the fact that the diagram will make better provision for the security and survival of all major interests involved than the weapons can do; and the fact that it will represent, not a blueprint for a drastically revised world system, but rather no more than a statement or codification of the actual mechanisms visibly at work in international politics.

Stated in only slightly different terms, these were the pressures that secured the ratification of the American Constitution. The perils of rejecting the "more perfect union" of 1787 were much less extreme than those of rejecting a demilitarized world system; yet because the Philadelphia draft had been prepared essentially in the way here suggested, its rejection was hardly possible. With an agreed diagram or program for a demilitarized world thus firmly in hand, disarmament itself will have a solid base on which to stand. It can and will proceed thereafter as rapidly as the economic and internal political difficulties involved will permit. The military

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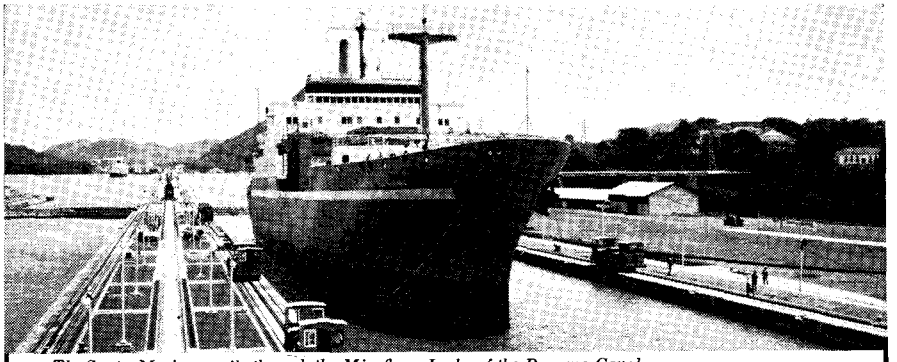
difficulties will have become irrelevant, as they were to the American states, once they had agreed in the Constitution not to make war on each other and to leave the ultimate regulation of their armed forces to the Congress. They were so little relevant, in fact, that Congress thereafter largely neglected its responsibility for the regulation of the "militia," which decayed in a general lack of interest in all military factors until the Civil War.

The parallel, of course, is offered merely as suggestive, not as conclusive. The Constitution estabished its thirteen federated states as a community that would be policed rather than subjected to the useless arbitraments of war. This is not merely a modern interpretation; the *Federalist* papers frequently argue the necessity of union in order to avert wars among the states, leaving all internal power struggles to the police power. The projected global constitution, or diagram, will have to accept the necessary requirements of a policed community. Doubtless the first of them is that the authority of the policeman, so long as he is acting within his empowerment, is absolute. No man can be left free to decide for himself whether he will or will not obey a police order. The order may be challenged afterward on the ground that it was wrongfully given, but the order itself must be obeyed.

In a world policed there must be not only a certain minimum of police-enforceable international law but a supra-national authority of some kind to direct the enforcement. The nations, having agreed in their own self-interest to be bound by certain minimum regulations (the most important of which is disarmament to their own police-force levels), must accept an authority to administer these regulations whose decisions will be beyond veto by any one nation or group of nations. This seems unavoidable, not only to insure that the regulations are observed but to give confidence to all members of the global community that they are being, and will continue to be, observed by all others. And it will become possible in the measure that the empowerment of this supra-national authority is restricted to administering and enforcing only those laws and rules all have agreed to be indispensable to the safety and viability of the global community.

The authority would, presumably, be composed and appointed in much the same way as the United Nations Security Council, but the requirement of great-power unanimity would have to be dispensed with. The authority would have to be capable of action where action became necessary. It may be asked what possibility there is that the great powers would ever acquiesce in this. The present unanimity rule is not mere-



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ly (as so many now seem to imagine) a Russian invention preserved only in order that the Soviet Union may abuse it. It is a reflection, rather, of a fundamental fact of international politics and perhaps of all political action—that order under law can advance only where there is common consent. Since law is essentially a restriction upon freedom of assent or dissent, this represents a dilemma that has never yielded to philosophical resolution; it is, indeed, the dilemma that Calhoun unsuccessfully attacked in the gathering crisis before the Civil War with his doctrine of the concurrent majority. But it yields every day to practical necessity. There are many veto-free international authorities operating today in special and minor areas where it is recognized that action is more essential for the good of all concerned than the precise balance of power that the action may represent. It is true that in such minor authorities each participating nation normally retains the right of secession if the decisions go against it. But the decisions are binding until the secession takes place. And there are rarely any secessions. The old military rule that "a bad decision is better than no decision at all" is understood to apply, and even sovereign states will accept unpalatable decisions for the sake of getting decision.

They will do so the more readily as the decisions are technical and administrative in character rather than political. Politics concerns the organization of power—the power struggle as such—while administration and technique concern simply its application. The supranational and veto-free global authority will become a possibility as its empowerment is restricted to technical and administrative rather than political problems. Neither the Soviet Union, the United States, nor any other sovereign national organization will accept a supranational and veto-free authority empowered to decide issues on which the rise or fall of national power will depend. All will much more readily accept a supranational authority empowered only to see that such issues are decided by nonmilitary and in general nonviolent means. In an American industrial quarrel both management and unions will bitterly resist any effort by the central government to decide their power struggle, but both will readily and even gratefully accept all the legal and police measures that ensure the conduct of the struggle by nonviolent means. That the nations, sitting under the unimaginable terror of thermonuclear destruction, will not accept this much seems improbable.

Assuming that the draft convention for a demilitarized world has progressed thus far, a good deal else will follow. The veto-free supranational authority must be restricted to decisions that will not themselves alter the basic power relationships between the member states, great or small. It must, at the same time, be provided with the coercive force necessary to discharge its responsibilities within the restricted areas of suppressing violence. It will have two functions: one to declare and, as necessary, to amend the minimum of law that, by general consent, is seen to be necessary; the other to govern and direct the police force necessary to ensure observance of the law. The institutional arrangements have been adumbrated already in the United Nations. The declaratory and legislative functions will be vested in a committee like the Security Council; it will appoint and control the actions of an administrative officer—playing a role like that of Dag Hammarskjold or U Thant—who will direct the international police. The acts of this director, like those of any other administrative officer in a great organization, will not be subject to veto unless and until he oversteps the limits of his empowerment. There will have to be a judiciary system capable of passing upon the issues that will undoubtedly be raised here, as well as a good many other issues, such as what constitutes "rearmament," what may be regarded as "preparations for aggressive war," or what acts of the supranational authority may overstep the limits of its empowerment and may tend to "load" the power struggle rather than to secure its nonviolent prosecution.

THE Security Council of the United Nations has been paralyzed because the way in which it was set up and empowered makes it, inevitably, the arena for the power struggle among the great states. Majority votes in such a body never will and never can be accepted as determinative in a fundamental struggle for power. But a body detached from the power issues, concerned not with the question of whether the United States or the Soviet Union or any other nation is to "dominate the world" but only with the elimination of organized war as a means of determining such issues, need not suffer a similar paralysis. The coercive force at its command need not be, and cannot be, an army conquering the world. In a world that has agreed to face up to the real problems of a demilitarized society its role would be little more than that of the traffic policeman or the investigating agency. It would have to see that some rules were kept and that some kinds of conspiracy against world order were suppressed. To do this much, in a world already agreed upon general disarmament, it would not have to be equipped with thermonuclear bombs or maintain a great army. Its job would be a police job; and the question of who was to "dominate the world"—to make its laws, to determine its power relationships, to affect its cultural course—could be left to nonmilitary instruments.

The probable continuance in such a situation of local violence, guerrilla war, subversion, the possible misuse of national police forces against neighbor states, or the possibility of collapse in any of the great presently organized states—all these admittedly present problems to a demilitarized world order for which the solution is not immediately obvious. All that can be said in 1964 is that a world effectively demilitarized at the moment by the nuclear stalemate appeared to be dealing with problems of this sort rather satisfactorily. The projected supra-national authority would have to be endowed with some legislative and judicial powers in order to be able to amend the accepted law as the development of the world community required. Better principles for dealing with a problem like the Congo will doubtless be developed and announced. It is as useless to go into the terms in which they might be expressed as it would have been for the authors of the American Constitution to go into the terms of all the laws that might be generated by the system they conceived. The only point to be stressed here is that demilitarization does open the possibility of a rational global constitution—of a generally self-consistent and viable means of running world politics without threatening disaster to any of the great power interests involved. It constitutes no more than the way in which the world is actually being run today. When this rather simple fact generally sinks home, demilitarization will become not only possible but inevitable.

I HAVE tried to show here how it is quite possible (and in my own mind quite probable) that the transition to a demilitarized world—from "here" to "there"—will take place. I have avoided the introduction of emotional, moral, or psychological factors—these are, after all, the constants in all sociopolitical equations down through the ages, and have little effect upon the solutions arrived at from time to time. I have tried to concentrate on the variables of political relationships and to derive from them equations soluble in the terms of a world generally disarmed and demilitarized. I have tried only to project trends—trends of history, of thought, of power organization, of growing law and order—already clearly visible. As these continue—and in the absence of a huge military catastrophe they must continue—I believe we shall find ourselves "there" much sooner than now seems possible to most.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Politician in a Nuclear Quandary

ACCORDING to his own account, C. P. Snow conceived the idea of the *Strangers and Brothers* series in 1935, and in 1960 he told Rollene Saal of *Saturday Review* (May 7) that he was adhering in essentials to his original plan. In any very exact sense this can't be true, since most of the volumes in the series are based on experiences that he has had in more recent years. Yet his basic plan, which was to show how certain moral problems were confronted by various segments of the British population in modern times, has remained his guide, and all his varied and unpredictable activities since 1935 have simply permitted him to deal more and more comprehensively with English life in the twentieth century.

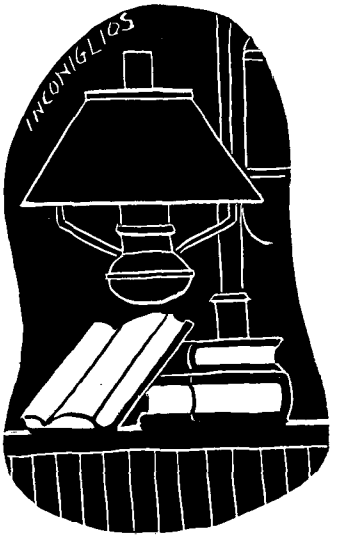
In *Corridors of Power* (Scribners, $5.95) he reaches higher, socially speaking, than in any of the preceding volumes, of which there are eight. In earlier novels—*The New Men* and *Homecoming* — Snow's narrator and alter ego, Lewis Eliot, has become a highly placed civil servant, and now—the novel begins in 1955—he is associating with the men who rule England. In this book, as in some others, Lewis plays a fairly important part in the action, but his most significant role is as observer.

What he is chiefly preoccupied with is the crucial period in the life of an ambitious politician, Roger Quaife, who hopes to be Prime Minister some day and to have a decisive influence on British history. He is introduced as "a youngish Conservative member who was beginning to be talked about." Soon he has a position in the government, and soon after an important place in the cabinet.

Lewis sees Quaife as ambitious and bold and not without a strain of idealism. Quaife believes that, since England cannot be a dominant power, it should drop out of the nuclear race altogether, and thus perhaps help to avoid world-wide catastrophe. Eliot and most of his friends among the scientists, some of whom we have met before, agree with Quaife; but there is one, Brodzinski, who believes that England should risk anything and sacrifice everything rather than accept second place.

Snow guides the reader, sometimes with the aid of footnotes, through what is bound to seem to an American the baffling maze of British politics. (What is a P.P.S.? See p. 100 fn.) There is a complication when Quaife tells Lewis that he has a mistress, with whom he is very much in love, and that she has been receiving threatening letters. However, there is no scandal—Quaife is not Profumo—and it is on other grounds that he is defeated.

As has been said scores of times, Snow is an old-fashioned novelist, a novelist in the tradition of Thackeray, Trollope, and, God save the mark, Galsworthy. His style is magnificently lucid, but it offers few images and little excitement. His technique owes nothing to Joyce or Virginia Woolf or Lawrence or any of the other writers who brought the modern novel into existence. His characters are sharply defined and seldom give the reader much sense of the mystery of personality.



None of this is accidental. As he made clear in an article in the *New York Times Book Review* in 1955, Snow has deliberately turned his back on what he variously calls "moment-by-moment novel," "total-recall novel," and "novel of a particular subdivision of sensibility." It is this kind of writing, he maintains, that is alienating the average reader and killing the novel. The novel, he says, must face the problems that concern the masses of people, and he implies that it can do this only if it returns to the realism of the Victorian and Edwardian novel.

I think that Snow is wrong in theory but that there is a good deal to be said for his practice. In the nine novels in the series—there are to be two more—

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he has given us a remarkably comprehensive account of contemporary British society. If it is said, as it sometimes is, that what he is writing is sociology and not literature, one has to ask whether Balzac, who pursued a somewhat similar aim on an even larger scale, was also a sociologist. Both Snow and Balzac are interested in individuals, not statistics, and in moral, not social problems. Snow is particularly preoccupied with the way in which decisions are made, whether these are decisions affecting only a small group, as in *The Masters*, or decisions affecting the nation and the world, as in *Corridors of Power*. He wants to know how conscience operates in high places and in low, and this seems to me a proper field for the operation of the imagination.

On the other hand, I think the literary life would be pretty barren if everyone wrote novels like Snow's. His calm intelligence is all very well, but there are other and greater literary virtues. There are, as there should be, many ways of writing fiction. Take, for example, Snow's contemporary, and, in a sense, rival, Anthony Powell. The novels that make up Powell's *Music of Time* series are essentially realistic, but they show in many subtle ways the influence of the experimental novelists. Powell is also presenting a view of contemporary British society, but he is not at all systematic about it, and he is not interested in instructing his readers. Because he writes very well and has humor, his novels are pleasanter to read than Snow's, and I am not sure but that in the end he will have done as much as Snow to give his readers an idea of what British life has been like in the past three or four decades.

For a time Snow was riding high. His lecture, *The Two Cultures*, made him famous, and the audience for his novels abruptly expanded. As I feel sure he would grant, his reputation in this country was at one time inflated. It was easy to guess that somebody would be moved to attack him, and one of the most highly regarded of English critics, F. R. Leavis, undertook the job in his farewell lecture at Downing College. Regarding Snow as a traitor to the humanities, he denounced him in a most intemperate fashion, and, though he made some valid points, greatly overstated his case. Many persons, both in England and in this country, came to Snow's defense, and I doubt that Leavis's diatribe did Snow much harm. But there has properly been a reconsideration of Snow's position as a novelist, and *Corridors of Power* may be received with less extravagant enthusiasm than some of its predecessors. Those readers, however, who have enjoyed the earlier novels will take great pleasure in this one.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

An Existentialist Self-Analysis

—*Giselle Freund.*

Jean-Paul Sartre — "virtuosity in sneers, jeers, and guffaws."

The Words: The Autobiography of Jean-Paul Sartre, *translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Braziller. 255 pp. $5), lashes out at everything that contributed to the Existentialist philosopher's character. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of one of the intellectual leaders of the world, which begins innocuously with a perusal of the family album before telling the story of a childhood, builds up in bitterness to a shocking recantation of a vocation and a repudiation of an entire life.

The grownups who surrounded Jean-Paul Sartre as a child are exposed as caricature-like phonies encouraging the literary precociousness of an ugly little toad even phonier than they. And when he becomes an adult—although he is the man who led a war generation back to self-confidence and propounded a philosophy that rang true and pure throughout the world—he denounces himself as still a phony to the bone. In this paroxysm of self-hatred, which he would call Existentialist psychoanalysis, Sartre lashes out at everything that contributed to his character—heredity, family, and the bourgeois confidence in culture.

Jean-Paul Sartre, second cousin to Dr. Albert Schweitzer, was a fatherless child brought up by his grandfather. His mother and his grandmother are overshadowed in his memory by the patriarchal Charles Schweitzer, inventor of the "direct method" of teaching French to foreigners, and grand old sentinel of obsolete humanistic values and the political liberalism current under Louis-Philippe. To most of us he may seem admirable and his tight little family the very model of domestic virtue and harmony as they existed in hundreds of middle-class Paris apartment houses before World War I. But to Sartre, looking back at the age of fifty-nine, the family life was a farce and his grandfather a ham actor given to poses and histrionic gestures.

The darling grandson, corrupted from the first, took his part in the general comedy and played the child prodigy for all he was worth. His throne room was the library, where he would sit poring over the classics or composing great adventure novels, feigning too much absorption to notice the old man or the two women peeking in at the door and exchanging delighted glances. Their faith in the *wunderkind* was unshakable. Neither their dismay at watching him grow physically ugly nor the jolt his first report card gave them could alter the image they bore in their hearts. Young Sartre himself, although at times sustained only by fantasies, and already plagued by a bad conscience and vague feelings of being essentially superfluous, never doubted that he would become a leader of men.

All this is told with perverse verve, in sentences that are short and pithy and language that is direct, racy, at times vulgar. The memories that pass through Sartre's mind have plenty of color and earthiness still clinging—pieces of dialogue, episode, reported event—and they are commented upon with a wry wit that expresses itself in a profusion of epi-

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grammatic utterances. "To beget children, nothing better; to have them, what iniquity!" "When many people are together, they must be separated by rites; otherwise, they slaughter each other." "In the first composition I was last." "I felt gifted out of resignation." "He wears his halo around his chin."

At times Sartre spins out a conceit over pages—to demonstrate, for example, how the wretched boy lost God, or how he turned literature into religion, or how he thought he had conquered death by believing in glory. What virtuosity in sneers, jeers, and guffaws. Only a little tenderness towards his mother sobers him for a moment, and we find a phrase like "Even now, I have a feeling of pleasure whenever I see a serious child talking gravely and tenderly to his child-mother." Then Sartre resumes his capering and grimacing before his past image, reminding us of his boyhood trick of running to the mirror and making faces after suffering some frustration or humiliation. It is hard to say what the root of his trouble is—for a psychiatrist, this book is an embarrassment of riches—but some basic insecurity, perhaps indeed harking back to a bookish lad's envy of the playground hero, has made Sartre deploy all his verbal skill to convince the reader that he was an insufferable little mountebank and his childhood a horror.

The adult, however, seems far more troubled than the child. Viewed apart from Sartre's jaundiced eye, little Poulou's conceit and play-acting seem normal enough. And his grandfather appears to be far better than most—would that Sartre himself had something of that old-fashioned faculty for believing that "Truth and Fable are one and the same," and that all it takes to make life good is to pretend that it is so. But Giraudoux was the last French author to practice that elegant and sage philosophy; and Sartre, who has sired a whole new breed, must in the name of truth forever unmask the fable.

No one would question the salutary value of Sartre's denunciation of sham and complacency, which thundered through the world in the 1940s. It has since, however, been echoed by too many not to have become a hollow sound, and now, as we hear it again from the lips of the author, it sounds like a neurotic's wail. French moralists from Montaigne to Camus have often railed against hypocrisy while beating their own breasts. But Sartre has done it with such obsessional violence, with such emphasis on his vocation as an intellectual, that he appears now more a pathological case than a prophet. One might expect that the position he attained in the world had vindicated the expectations of his childhood and justified a

(*Continued on page 52*)

Reason and the Limits of Racism

The Troublesome Presence: American Democracy and the Negro, *by Eli Ginzberg and Alfred S. Eichner (Free Press. 339 pp. $5.95), surveys the course of colored-white relationships from Colonial days to the present. Dwight L. Dumond won the Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1961 with his "Anti-Slavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America."*

By DWIGHT L. DUMOND

ELI GINZBERG and Alfred S. Eichner's book purports to trace the history of discrimination against the Negro from the days of indentured servitude in Virginia to the present. Both a record of Negro-white relations and something of a treatise in economic determinism, the study provides background for analysis of present-day tensions.

The book suffers from inconsistencies, errors of fact, and absurd generalizations. Episodic, thematic, interpretative, it explores the theory of biological inequality in its multitudinous ramifications. If it is history, it is bad history. If it is an attempt to clarify the present crisis in human relations, it fails. If it is an essay in economic determinism, it is weak where strength is needed, because ideally justice and equality have nothing to do with economics.

The authors state categorically that the doctrine of racial inferiority was universally accepted in Colonial days, and that from then until now prejudice against the Negro has been equally great and consistent in all parts of the country. They labor mightily to prove it, reiterating the ancient clichés that the doctrine of natural rights stated in the Declaration of Independence did not apply to Negroes, that eminent statesmen from Washington to Lincoln to Taft supported colonization because they were racists, that the South was not the dominant region in the country, that emancipation was forced upon Lincoln by the losses of the Civil War, and that antislavery men were responsible for the failure of emancipation because they were interested in freedom as an ideal and not in Negroes as persons.

All of this derives from the authors' neglect of large areas of history. Slavery was abolished by judicial decree in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont—and probably could have been abolished in Connecticut and Rhode Island if there had been courageous judges – for the same reason as in England: there was no positive law to sustain it, only a master-servant relationship. The doctrine of natural rights did not touch slavery in the Southern states because there it was established and sustained by positive law.

MORE important is the failure fully to comprehend the enormous power of Southern whites in politics, in Congress, in the courts, and in the Electoral College. Southern Negroes were never allowed to vote or to participate in local or national affairs. Yet the South always had at least seventeen and sometimes as many as twenty-three members in the House who were there because of the rule that three-fifths of the disenfranchised slave population be included

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in Congressional apportionment. The perfidy of politicians is not evidence of anti-Negro sentiment in the North and West. Positive anti-Negro legislation might be so interpreted; inaction can not rightly be.

The authors speak of the revulsion of the white population at any mixing of the races. Certainly the whites never balked at that point – only at intermarriage. No one ever opposed interracial associations provided they were not on a basis of equality, nor was an eyebrow ever lifted when a white child was born to a Negro woman.

Another major theme of the book is "accommodation." Slavery, the authors say, was easily maintained by institutional arrangement, when in fact it was maintained by force recognized and sustained by law. The slaves were freed by force, and they will escape from subordination by force applied either by the federal government or by themselves. The federal government, the book claims, was granted power by the Constitution to return fugitive slaves, while control of slaves was left to the states. There was no such provision in the Constitution.

The Missouri Compromise is dismissed as a momentary flare-up and the Tallmadge Amendment as a proposal to free the slaves in Missouri. The defense of slavery and of mob violence sent out to the world by the authors of the Gag Resolution is ignored. Perspective here is so narrow that it is said: "In all these years, [John Quincy] Adams's was a voice virtually alone." The authors fail to see that slavery was destroying democratic institutions and that its abolition was essential to the preservation of Constitutional Government.

A third theme, less clearly delineated, is the idea that education and skill will insure equal rights, a rash assumption so far as the Southern states are concerned. The best educated, the richest, and the most prominent man of color in this country asserts his human dignity in the South at his peril.

Any book which suggests that all white men were against all people of color in the history of this nation renders a great disservice to humanity. There is a solid, powerful body of Judaeo-Christian liberalism in the U.S. It has supported the natural rights of persons and the Constitutional rights of citizens, equality under the law and in the administration of justice, and the dignity and worth of individual man from Colonial days to the present. It has always been vilified, as people of color have been victimized, by the racist power structure inherent in our present governmental operations. Consciously or not, *The Troublesome Presence* fails to reach the heart of the problem.

The Mystery in Our History

O Strange New World: American Culture, the Formative Years, *by Howard Mumford Jones (Viking. 464 pp. $8.50), juxtaposes that which is indigenous to U.S. life with those elements that derive from European tradition. August Heckscher, who served as Special White House Consultant on the Arts during the Kennedy Administration, is the author of "Public Happiness."*

By AUGUST HECKSCHER

THE AMERICAN experience, the American image, lend themselves to analysis and rediscovery. For they appear plain on the surface; they seem to follow a straight line. Yet in fact America is as many-faceted, and its history as subtle and varied, as human nature itself. The stage on which the great drama was to be played out was full of contrast from the start, with its shadowed landscape, its mountains and wide spaces; and with its mysterious races of men. Here came people who were heirs of all that is rich and strange in Western civilization. No prophet could have foretold the result of this mingling and confrontation. But anyone could have suspected that the outcome would be something other than the pallid, one-dimensional tale which the schoolbooks long unfolded.

Howard Mumford Jones captures in his title the wonder men felt at the New World's discovery. His subtitle, "American Culture, the Formative Years," accurately states his theme. He sets out to appraise the various currents that gave to American life its atmosphere and quality from the fifteenth into the nineteenth century. It is a serious and immensely learned book. Although it goes back to the great sources; it also takes into account the vast literature of contemporary American studies. Enough detail is given, with enough quotations from little-known records, to make the substance of Professor Jones's argument dense. And the argument itself introduces at almost every turn surprises and fresh insights.

In two ways the author enlarges the familiar perspective. First, he gives to the long period between Columbus and the Declaration of Independence its proper weight. Nearly 300 years were to pass before the young Republic took form; even the brave but feeble beginnings at Jamestown were to be more than a century in the preparation. In all this time the character of America was being formed. It did not wait for the coming of Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson.

Secondly, Mr. Jones widens our gaze by giving importance to strains of European culture that the traditional views have subordinated almost completely to Puritanism and eighteenth-century rationalism. If the American was the child of the Reformation, he was also the child of the Renaissance, with its wilder, more turbulent note. He was the heir of the classical tradition, both Roman and Greek. He knew the gentle Richard Hooker and Montesquieu. Mr. Jones makes us see that he also knew—more intimate-

An Old Embarrassment

By Helen Copeland

LAST year's toad down in the steaming earth
blinks alert as spring roots finger through
the cavity that fits his pale thin skin.
Shuddering he humps the leaf mould up
and wobbles free
to throb in a dapple eye of sun.

So tickled out of hiding
the buried memory of an old chagrin
in the quiet muster of an innocent day
will shiver up, a smirk from jaw to jaw,
and squat
in the half-light of the mind.

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ly than we had suspected—Machiavelli.

The cultural historian is inevitably tempted to see connections when only accident or fad may be at work. The pageantry of Renaissance life may have been directly imported to America by Columbus and Cortez; its style sounds unmistakably in passages from the early explorers. But are we really to assume (as Mr. Jones seems to suggest) that the American millionaire of the late nineteenth century, copying the French chateau or the Italian palace, was acting under the same impulses and within the same tradition? We can speak of "merchant princes" in contemporary America, but the analogy can hardly be taken seriously. Nor is there more than a superficial resemblance between the Renaissance man and the typical American who turned his hand to all kinds of trades and pursuits.

The classical element in American culture—visible in the architecture of so many of its public buildings, in the rhetorical style of its statesmen, in the concept of duty and citizenship in the generation that founded the Republic—seems more directly related to the main influences of American life. This was not a passing fashion, but a way of looking at the world derived from an awakening to classicism still fresh and potent. Europe may be said to have discovered at the same time the New World and the world of antiquity. The consequences of this intermingling make a fascinating chapter of cultural history.

A culture like our own may be viewed as the inheritor of diverse strains from the older civilization of Europe; or it may be viewed as a new amalgam which at various moments of its history, for obscure reasons, selects and copies elements out of the past. Mr. Jones takes a middle ground. "The Old World," he says, "projected into the New a rich, complex, and contradictory set of habits, faces, practices, values and presuppositions; and the New World accepted, modified or rejected them or fused them with new inventions of its own."

To follow this method is to see America in close relationship to the European civilization from which it sprang; it is to be reminded that the Atlantic had from the beginning two shores, the currents from each acting and interacting upon the other. It is to see, also, that America had a clear life and destiny of its own. The world of the sixteenth-century explorers was indeed new. In the end its own characteristics—like the sense of space which Mr. Jones develops sensitively in his chapter on the American landscape—were to transform all it had received. But the residues, the persistent strains and the memories that would not be put down, added richness and color to the fabric, as they make this volume lively and constantly revealing.

No Place Like Home in the City

The Urban Complex: Human Values in Urban Life, *by Robert C. Weaver (Doubleday. 297 pp. $4.95), explores what government is doing to try to meet the phenomenon of urbanization. Robert A. Low is chairman of the Buildings Committee of the New York City Council.*

By ROBERT A. LOW

SOME 70 per cent of the people of the United States live in 1 per cent of the land area, and the concentration of our population in metropolitan areas is continuing at a striking pace.

The dramatic urbanization of American life has prompted many planners and social scientists to analyze the phenomenon. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these efforts is that of the French geographer Dr. Jean Gottmann, who described the urbanization of our northeastern seaboard from Maine to Virginia in *Megalopolis.*

But government response to the challenge of urbanization has been slow, whether at the federal level, where Congress still hesitates to act on the creation of a department concerned with urban affairs, or at the local level, where a multiplicity of political jurisdictions continues to hamper efforts to deal with problems that are metropolitan or even regional in scope.

Only a handful of government officials have spoken with perception about the problem. One of these, Robert C. Weaver, who is administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, has compiled and brought up to date in *The Urban Complex: Human Values in Urban Life* material from articles and lectures published over the last decade setting forth the challenges of urbanization and what the government is trying to do to meet them. His emphasis is on housing and urban renewal, fields in which Dr. Weaver's credentials are excellent. Today he is the highest federal official concerned with urban problems; he has also served in government positions at the state level—as New York State Rent Administrator—and at the local level—as chairman of New York City's Housing and Redevelopment Board. Robert Weaver has frequently been mentioned as a possibility for the Cabinet post should Congress create the long-awaited Department of Urban and Community Development.

In this volume his essays explore slum

The Printed Image: In the heyday of engraving writers complained of the competition from a medium that served as journalism and even as story-telling. In Jean Adhémar's *Graphic Art of the Eighteenth Century* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) we see also the savage satire of Gillray and Goya, the realism of Hogarth, the pastoral prettiness of Watteau and Moreau le Jeune.

"Beer Street," by William Hogarth.

"The Gardens of Marly," by Moreau le Jeune.

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clearance, relocation of tenants from cleared sites; barriers to the movement of nonwhites within the core city and to the suburbs; successful and unsuccessful efforts to achieve integrated housing; rehabilitation of run-down properties, and federal and state programs to deal with these difficult matters.

Dr. Weaver analyzes perceptively the interrelationship of the Negro in-migration and the changing character of our core cities. The chapter entitled "The Urbanization of the Negro" previously appeared under the title "The Changing Structure of the American City and the Negro" in *Assuring Freedom to the Free*, edited by Arnold Rose.

The author notes that the in-migration of the rural poor to the city is not peculiar to the United States, but is prevalent throughout the Western world. Even in Denmark, where the population is ethnically homogeneous, this in-migration is accompanied by an out-migration to the suburbs of those who have moved up the economic ladder. Dr. Weaver concludes: "Urbanization is neither the salvation nor the damnation of Negro Americans," but it is "the *sine qua non* of the Negro's participation in the mainstream of national life."

Although he is aware of the need for more public housing for families of low income, he suggests that meaningful integration may come sooner through federally-assisted programs for housing for families of moderate and middle income.

Dr. Weaver is no dreamer. His thinking is tempered by the frustrations that confront a dedicated public servant eager to get on with the task of providing decent housing for every American.

The publishers of this volume have performed a service in making possible a wider audience for Dr. Weaver's insight into the urbanization process that is so drastically affecting the face of the United States.

Anteroom

By James Dillet Freeman

THE clock ticks in the hall
The clock ticks in my head
I stare at the gray wall
I do not think ahead

Like the others who sometimes talk
Or tap on the bare floor
Where back and forth I walk
There is a closed door

After a while I know
It will open to let me through
And I will arise to go
Where to?

The European Literary Scene

It does not always pay to win a libel suit.

Future printings of Leon Uris's best-seller *Exodus* will modify the passage describing Nazi medical adventurism practiced at Auschwitz. The words in italics will be deleted from the following: "Here in Block X Dr. Wirths used women as guinea pigs and Dr. Schumann sterilized by castration and X-ray and Clauberg removed ovaries *and Dr. Dehring performed 17,000 'experiments' in surgery without anaesthetics.*" This change reflects a long and painful lawsuit filed in Britain by Dr. Wladyslav Dering. Returning to London in 1960 from ten years of meritorious service as director of a hospital at Hargeisa in British Somaliland, Dr. Dering remarried and settled down to practice quietly in North London. When the émigré physician read the charge against Dr. "Dehring," he promptly initiated a libel suit against Uris and his British publisher. England was thus plunged into a "war crimes" trial as bitter as those staged in postwar Germany.

Dering had indeed been at Auschwitz as a "prisoner-doctor," performing castrations and other sterilizing operations under, as he was to claim, duress and threat of death. He further alleged that less trained prisoners would have performed the operations had he refused, and that he had succeeded in saving some inmates from mutilation. After the war he had made his way to England, while Poland, Czechoslovakia, and France clamored for his extradition. In 1947 the Home Secretary had arranged for confrontation of Dr. Dering by one victim of Auschwitz surgery. When this victim failed to identify Dering, the Secretary refused extradition. The affair died down until 1960, when Dr. Dering instituted his libel suit, stating at one point that he would be satisfied with amends of a farthing and an apology. Leon Uris, however, chose to fight back. His lawyers went to great lengths to bring victims of Auschwitz to Queen's Bench Courtroom II. When such witnesses made it clear that Dr. Dering had performed upon both Jews and gentiles many of the operations of which he stood accused, then the crucial question became that of his free will, a familiar theme of all war-guilt trials.

Lord Gardiner, counsel for the author and publishers, stated that although the degree of Dering's guilt might still be debated, the charge underlying the alleged libel had been substantiated. As for the duress mitigating Dr. Dering's guilt, Lord Gardiner observed that everything done by the Germans in the war was done by individuals, that the defense at Nuremberg had been, "I was told to do it by my superior officers."

Whatever had been proved against Dr. Dering during the nineteen days of the trial (when many of his recent patients spoke highly of his humanity), it was not demonstrated that 17,000 cases of surgery had been executed by him. Thus, the common law of England came into play, resulting in the curious dialogue upon return of the jury:

> JUSTICE LAWTON: Do you find for the plaintiff or for the defendants?
> FOREMAN: For the plaintiff.
> JUSTICE LAWTON: What sum do you award the plaintiff against the defendants?
> FOREMAN: One halfpenny.

There was small satisfaction for Dr. Dering in this Pyrrhic victory. As the plaintiff he was assessed the costs of the action, amounting to some £25,000.

With Shakespeare on the boards all over Europe this summer, his nearest rival is probably Germany's new successor to Brecht, Peter Weiss. This forty-eight-year-old dramatist's first full-length contribution to the Theater of the Absurd, now playing in London, Lyon, Stockholm, Vienna, Warsaw, Essen, Hamburg, and Wiesbaden, is entitled *The Persecution and Murder of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Madhouse at Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade.* The play-within-a-play is written and directed by the infamous Sade during his final years at Charenton, on the outskirts of Paris. Like Nagg sitting in his garbage can throughout Beckett's *Endgame*, Marat sits in his fatal bathtub haranguing the inmates and arguing with the Marquis. Incidental songs and dances create a Bedlam atmosphere. The young Girondin assassin Charlotte Corday has drawn her dagger in preparation for that scene immortalized by the painter David, but the Marquis de Sade keeps restraining her in order to continue the lunatic dialogue. As Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* summarized the work, "Since Brecht and his plays we have had nothing of this degree of expressiveness," and the London *Times* adds, "It is total theater, with no

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holds barred." The juxtaposition of the contemporaries Marat and the Marquis de Sade (whose works were recently banned in Gaullist France) is not, upon reflection, too surprising. Few people were ever more sadistic than the Montagnards of the Terror, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.

Why, I wonder, must critics await every new book by Jean-Paul Sartre to start charting the new directions of his thinking? He will be sixty next year, an age when philosophers should have arrived at fundamental premises if not conclusions. The publication by Gallimard of the fourth and fifth volumes of his essays (*Situations* IV, V) has attracted much critical attention, some of it contradictory. These pieces, including such published essays as his polemic against Camus, have kept his name in the news, as has his declaration of war against the New Novel, summarized in his claim, "I could not read Robbe-Grillet if I were a citizen of an underdeveloped country." To Sartre the doctrines of the Butor group are anathema: art need not be utilitarian, the artist has no responsibility to society, form is more important than content, etc.

Back in 1946, when Sartre was posting his theses in favor of politically committed literature, he attacked such old masters as Flaubert for wasting time in writing on the occult in ancient Carthage and the vicissitudes of a love-smitten Norman housewife, Emma Bovary, while the ship of state foundered. (Sartre has just announced that he is working on a study of Flaubert, and the results are perhaps predictable.) This summer Sartre gave a publicized interview to *Le Monde*, reaffirming that a writer must "take the part of the two billion starving men" in the world, and must "speak to all men." If not, the writer must inevitably be class-conscious and an exploiter. Again Sartre echoes the *Brothers Karamazov*: "Everyone is responsible for everything before everyone."

Sartre is at least consistent in his illogicality. He who once defined Existentialism as an "enclave" of Marxism waxed eloquent about American and Western European colonialism while accepting complacently the fate of the Baltic States and Eastern Europe. He who years ago wrote in *Les temps modernes* that Stalinism was "incompatible in France with the free and honest plying of the writer's trade" inevitably favored Stalinism in its quarrels with the United States (written off as "fascist" after the Rosenberg trial). In *Les mains sales* and *Morts sans sépultures* (as in Brecht's *Schweik*) Americans are never mentioned among the military forces that crushed Hitler. In *La putain respectueuse* his knowledge of America was naïvely revealed by his presentation of prostitutes as licensed and bearing documents (perhaps the yellow certificates issued by decadent Europe?). American critics usually seem to be indulgent with Sartre. A new wave of comment will start here with the Englished version of the first volume of his autobiography [see p. 34]. In France, however, things have reached such a pass that even such leftist critics as Claude Simon and Yves Berger now (in the *Express*) accuse the former philosophy teacher of being a materialist, a philistine, and of feeling only contempt for the people.

Here I must insert thanks to friends and readers who quickly told me that the originator of the comment "Victor Hugo is our greatest poet, *hélas*," was not Valéry but André Gide, way back in 1902. Justin O'Brien informs me, however, that Valéry apparently quoted the remark at a lecture in London in October 1923.

Censorship, when exercised in most countries, creates an outcry. When Paris's Olympia Press was suspended by government order, when Defoe's *Roxana* was banned in Dublin, when Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* was forbidden locally in England, great was the public keening. In Spain and Portugal, however, censorship operates quietly and efficiently, almost unnoticed. Only *tertulia* opinions (spoken rather than written) pass uncensored. When José Luis Cano published his new *Tema de España en la poesía contemporánea*, the censor allegedly suppressed contributions by León Felipe and Emilio Prados and reduced the contributions of Unamuno. The popular vision of Spain as a bull destined for slaughter (hardly one appreciated by a nonliterary autarchy) is illustrated by only one poem, and the *Times Literary Supplement* anonymously suspects that other lyrics on this tragic theme, by Miguel Hernández and Rafael Alberti, received the censor's *obstat*. I might thus point out here that a new volume on bullfight poetry I have just received from Barcelona, *Poesía taurina contemporánea*, has a number of examples composed during the dark days of 1936, when the death throes of the Spanish Republic seemed imminent. (Please believe me on this last, debatable point, for I was there.) Let me give you a home-made translation of one of these allegorical sonnets on the common agony of Spain and a Spanish poet (Hernández):

The bull senses at the end of the corrida
Where he will feel the sudden spurt of his blood,
For the taste of death is that of wine
Which makes life itself stagger.
Through his wound he breathes hearts
Out of a giant surrounding heart,
As its vast power of stone and pine
Ceases to beat, weakened in the fall.
And like the bull, thou, my shackled blood,
From the daily chalice of death
Upraised with a shaking point of steel,
Pourest over my tongue a taste of sword
Diluted in a thick and strong wine
Gushing from my heart whence I am dying.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A READER'S CALENDAR

Here are twelve titles (most of them novels), each containing the name of one of the months, plus one additional, all-inclusive double header. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to supply the missing months and match titles with authors in Column Two. Answers on page 51.

1. _____ *Morning*	( ) David Benedictus
2. _____*'s Freedom*	( ) Winifred Bryher
3. _____ *Hill*	( ) Erskine Caldwell
4. *How to Get from* _____ *to* _____	( ) Fletcher Knebel and Charles Bailey
5. *Light in* _____	( ) Howard Fast
6. *Now in* _____	( ) William Faulkner
7. _____ *Moon*	( ) Josephine Johnson
8. *Seven Days in* _____	( ) Will Cuppy
9. *The Fourteenth of* _____	( ) Victoria Lincoln
10. *The Fourth of* _____	( ) John Moore
11. *The Ides of* _____	( ) Ayn Rand
12. *The Night of* _____ *16th*	( ) Vercors (pseudonym)
13. *Trouble in* _____	( ) Thornton Wilder

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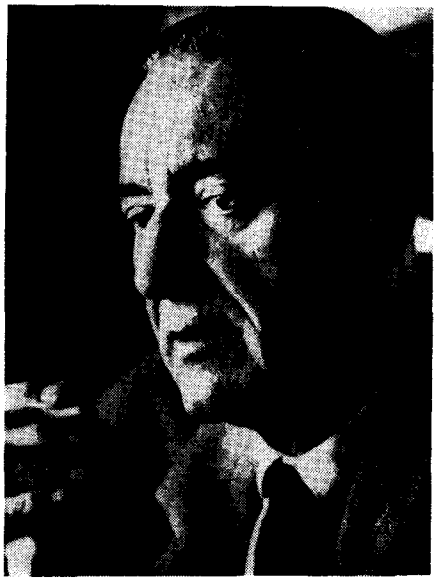
Vienna as the Last Lights Fade

The Lost City, *by John Gunther (Harper & Row. 594 pp. $5.95), conjures up the "twilight smoothness" of pre-Hitler Vienna. Henry C. Wolfe, who knew the Danube city well, is author of "The German Octopus."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

EVEN while events of the early Thirties were sweeping her on toward *Anschluss* and doom, "the old lilac city" on the Danube exerted her traditional charm. In his massive and nostalgic novel *The Lost City* John Gunther evokes the mood and the political climate of those years in Vienna as they affect the lives of a group of foreign correspondents, their wives and mistresses. Central to the action of the story—and a dramatic, suspenseful, often tragic story it is—are the Chicago journalist, Mason Jarrett, and his devoted wife, Paula.

Carried along on the tide of political disorder, yet lulled by the "twilight smoothness" of Vienna's moral dissolution, the Jarretts are ultimately enmeshed in economic vicissitudes and amorous intrigues. Some of Jarrett's fellow newsmen are corrupt, others are not averse to preying on their colleagues—and their colleagues' wives. A few are ready to work for the Nazis or the Communists. To all of them Vienna is important as well as pleasurable: from there they cover the key territory of Central and Southeastern Europe.



—*David Douglas Duncan.*

John Gunther—"surprises."

Thanks to a tip from a lesbian nightclub singer, Jarrett helps break the story of an attempted Austro-German customs union. Later he investigates rumors that A.O.G., most powerful bank in central Europe, is bribing newsmen. Despite local top-echelon opposition, Jarrett exposes the bribery scandal, thereby speeding up A.O.G.'s sensational failure. In consequence, banks crash all over Europe, Britain goes off the gold standard, inflation and depression eventually force American newspapers to fire correspondents, slash salaries, and close foreign bureaus. The Jarretts, like most of their circle, suffer financial straits.

The political disorder meantime increases. The Nazis murder Chancellor Dollfuss. Instead of uniting against their common Nazi foe, the Heimwehr conservatives and Socialists engage in bloody civil strife, thus helping set the stage for Hitler's takeover. Jarrett takes part in the fighting.

Under the strain of the worsening European situation, their friends' personal tragedies, their own money problems, and Jarrett's philandering (Paula's started later), the couple's life together disintegrates. The Jarretts leave Austria, settle in London, and separate. In every sense their beloved Vienna has become a lost city.

Mr. Gunther, who lived in Vienna in the early Thirties, says in an author's note that his new book "is a novel, a work of the imagination, not a reminiscence or disguised autobiography." Old Vienna hands, nevertheless, may find in the diverse and fascinating cast of characters some resemblances to actual persons and to certain distinctive and exotic Viennese types. In general, the historical background is factual. The mood conjures up the soul of dying pre-Hitler Vienna.

But the author saves surprises for the reader. After a nightmarish interlude, Vienna—like the Jarretts—works out her salvation. For courageous Austria, as the reader of postwar European history knows, staged an almost miraculous political, economic, and moral recovery. Her beautiful capital, Mr. Gunther points out, "is once more incontestably one of the best-run cities in the world."

A Friendly Kind of Fury

The Blessington Method and Other Strange Tales, *by Stanley Ellin (Random House. 185 pp. $3.95), combines the humorous and the grotesque in a manner reminiscent of Saki. Cecil Hemley is a novelist and editor who is currently director of Ohio University Press.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

LIKE all satirists, Stanley Ellin is well aware of how much cant and hypocrisy there are in the world. The selfish and violent sides of man's nature may be concealed but not eradicated. Ellin, too mature to groan about this unhappy situation, laughs about it. When he is at his best, as in "The Blessington Method" and "The Nine-to-Five Man," he is very amusing indeed.

In some respects, Ellin reminds me of the English humorist Saki. Ellin, like Saki, combines the grotesque and the funny. Like Saki he writes with great concision. But he is not nearly so witty as Saki nor so polished a stylist. He is satisfied to say what he has on his mind with few verbal felicities.

His greatest gift is his grasp of structure. He can invent almost perfect plots, completely devoid of commentary. Consequently, his stories, though short, imply large areas of meaning. For example, in "The Blessington Method" a successful businessman is induced by a representative of the Society for Gerontology to finance the murder of his father-in-law. Before the representative entered Mr. Treadwell's office, Treadwell had no idea that he wished to be rid of his father-in-law. So the representative, Bunce, becomes a kind of Satan. Bunce is no mere symbol, however, but very much himself, a fine example of the modern man of good will who gets paid for his goodness. That the worthy organization that employs him finally reduces to a band of cutthroats is one of the high points of the joke but by no means exhausts it.

In "The Nine-to-Five Man" Ellin gives us a day in the life of a professional arsonist. Mr. Keesler, who has sent his sons through college and never once betrayed his wife, lives a completely humdrum existence despite his unusual way of supporting his family. The story is told with such objectivity

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and such fine detail that it achieves a life of its own. It can be interpreted in any number of ways, or not interpreted at all.

Though some of the stories are not as successful as these two, almost all are worth reading. "You Can't Be a Little Girl All Your Life" has a fine, bold opening but a contrived ending. "Beidenbauer's Flea" and "The Seven Deadly Virtues" are so slight they might well have been left out of the volume. But "The Question" and "The Day of the Bullet" are both excellent. The last named, incidentally, is the only really personal story in the book, and it has an emotional quality that the other stories carefully avoid.

Chaste in Cinecittà: Although Leonardo Bercovici has subtitled *The Satyr and the Saint* (Scribners, $3.95), his mischievous immorality play, "a novel of the Roman film colony," it is actually one of those stories that could have happened anywhere. It is just coincident that Cinecittà and its environs provide the appropriate fevered temperatures for the forced growth of a funny yet essentially ironic romance, and also a suitably cynical angle of vision from which to watch its improbable progress.

Eduardo, the "saint," is a young writer with an ear for dialogue, a knack for characterization, and an instinctive grasp of what makes a good movie scene—all manna to Urbani, a silver-haired actor-director whose international luster needs repolishing. Urbani makes a protégé of the young man, and offers him all the fleshly pleasures of Rome's *dolce vita*, only to discover, to his stupefaction, that Eduardo is incredibly chaste—indeed, has set for himself the impossible ideal of marrying a girl who is beautiful, intelligent, and virginal. Urbani, a man with three wives (which is something of a strain on holidays), follows Eduardo's quest with amused interest. And so does the reader, for Urbani's urbanity is implicit in Bercovici's style and outlook, while both the characters and their settings are depicted with wit and affection. *The Satyr and the Saint* throws little light on movie production in Italy, but a great deal on the mentality of the personalities involved in it.

—Arthur Knight.

Coming October 3
SR's Fall Book Number

The Mind Behind the Master's Hands

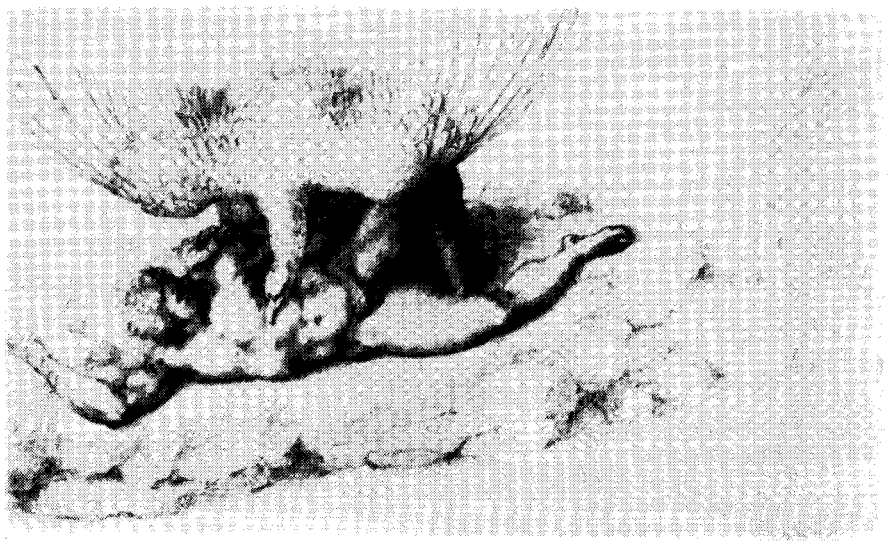
The Art and Thought of Michelangelo, *by Charles de Tolnay (Pantheon. 144 pp. 44 pp. of plates. $7.95), evaluates the master's political convictions, philosophy, religiosity, and esthetics. Robert J. Clements, one of the two Americans invited to lecture at the Fourth Centenary Congress described in this review, wrote "Michelangelo: A Self-Portrait."*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

THIS summer Rome and Florence commemorated with great ceremony the uneasy death of Michelangelo. ("I regret that I have not done enough for the salvation of my soul," confessed the dying artist to Cardinal Salviati. "I regret that I must die just as I am learning the alphabet of my profession.") The mayors of Florence and Rome invited some forty international students of Michelangelo to speak on their special researches. These rival cities took great pains to organize exhibits of Michelangelo autographs at the Laurentian Library, and of his art (in replica) in Rome's Exposition Palace. Even concerts featuring Michelangelo's madrigals were arranged in the Sagrestia Vecchia of San Lorenzo Basilica in Florence and in the Horatii and Curiatii Hall of the Capitoline Museum, Rome.

The very first lecture, heralded by costumed trumpeters and standard bearers in the Cinquecento Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, was given by Charles de Tolnay. For de Tolnay, in Europe at least, is the acknowledged dean of Michelangelo studies. Professor de Tolnay's lecture on Florence's role in the formation of Michelangelo produced, as expected, something new. He exhibited a Rubens drawing of a Hercules copied from none other than the lost statue executed by Michelangelo as a boy and last seen at Fontainebleau in 1713. De Tolnay's status was again acknowledged at the close of Margrit Lisner's exciting paper. Even readers of tabloids had been alerted that this German scholar claimed to have hit upon an unrecognized wooden *Crucifixion* by Michelangelo in the Church of Santo Spirito. In a sense, her claim needed acceptance by the Fourth Centenary Congress. It befell to de Tolnay, accepting the authenticity of the figure, to speak for the majority and assume the responsibility of approval.

As further testimony to de Tolnay's pre-eminence in this field, and as a commemorative act in itself, Pantheon now provides an English version of his *L'art et la pensée de Michel-Ange*, four lectures delivered by the Hungarian-American scholar at the Collège de France in 1948. Whereas most of de Tolnay's writing is intended for specialists, this volume can be read with profit by all. Four sectors of the master's thought are carefully evaluated: his political thought, "philosophy," religiosity, and esthetics. De Tolnay not only probes the



—*From the book.*

"Tityus," by Michelangelo. Black chalk. Windsor Castle, Royal Library.

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philological and historical documents now available to the scholar, but carefully exploits Michelangelo's art as further evidence of his conclusions. As a political thinker, Michelangelo's republican and Guelph loyalties prevailed until the last two decades of his life, when "his political thought became sublimated: it no longer embraced Florence alone, but all Christendom." As a philosopher, he formed through his art "a creative synthesis of transcendant idealism. This synthesis is clearer and more coherent than that found in the writings of the philosophers and poets of the Platonic Academy of the late Quattrocento." An orthodox Catholic, he modified late in life his beliefs on grace and justification through faith, undergoing, as did his friends Vittoria Colonna and Reginald Pole, the influence of the Spanish émigré Juan de Valdés. As for Michelangelo's view of art, de Tolnay feels that this is approximated most closely by the treatise on art by the master's "indirect pupil," Vincenzo Danti.

Much of our understanding of Michelangelo is necessarily based on educated conjecture. One may disagree on individual points with de Tolnay: on his view of the Sistine Ceiling as the conscious allegory of a Platonic ascension, on his reasons for Michelangelo's demanding written commissions from Duke Cosimo (not to acknowledge the Medici tyrant as overlord, but to be more certain of payment), on Michelangelo's reasons for choosing the bathing phase of the Battle of Cascina (not to remind his fellow-citizens of "the necessity of determined vigilance," but to depict the multiple nudity of the scene). There may even be dispute over attributions accepted by de Tolnay (including the black chalk Pietà in Boston's Gardner Museum). Yet de Tolnay's facts and interpretations are as sound as those of any living scholar. Indeed, de Tolnay exemplifies a fact brought out by the Fourth Centenary Congress: that the day is upon us when more accurate and sophisticated resources are assuring more definitive studies than were possible in the past. Eighty-eight years ago when Michelangelo's 400th birthday was being celebrated, Michelangelo scholarship was advancing (in a phrase of the artist) at the pace of "leaden shoes." During the past eighty-eight years Michelangelo students have accomplished as much in their lesser way as the artist himself achieved in the same time span.

He Sang of a Golden Morning

Rupert Brooke: A Biography, *by Christopher Hassall (Harcourt, Brace & World. 557 pp. $8.75), offers a portrait-in-depth of the World War I poet and his background, the "golden-morning" England of the early 1900s. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, is writing a book on E. M. Forster.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE DEATH in 1915 of the emphatically glamorous poet Rupert Brooke at twenty-seven provoked comparisons with the bright stars of the Romantic movement who died young just a century before. Brooke had contracted a fatal infection while on service with the Royal Navy in the Aegean. In the famous "Soldier" sonnet of his *1914* sequence, he had written, "If I should die, think only this of me:/That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is for ever England. . . ." He was buried by moonlight on a Greek island.

Before the present detailed biography, documented writing about Brooke had been difficult, largely because of his strong-minded mother, who died in 1931 and who in more than one sense willed the poet's papers to obscurity. Christopher Hassall treats her mildly, though now and then her son gives away the show, as in a letter written at Cannes in 1912 when he was trying to recover from a case of cracked nerves: "I can see the Rance thinks she's going to keep a hand on me for a month or six weeks. But I give her ten days at the outside. I shall have to be beastly to her, I suppose."

—*From the book.*

Rupert Brooke, 1913—"deep wounds"

That was written to the late Katharine ("Ka") Cox, over whom Brooke lacerated himself for several years. The pictures in this volume show her as being not nearly so attractive as the other girls in Brooke's galaxy, but his poems are not unique in suggesting that love has its mysteries. Those verses, incidentally, appear in a somewhat different light now that Brooke's letters, generously quoted here, expose so much of his story. The poems remain minor and "charming," but the deepening of their background makes them more humanly appealing, if only by showing how much of their irony and whimsy was an unguent for deep wounds. Brooke toward the end of his life fortunately established a peaceful relationship with the young Irish actress Cathleen Nesbitt (who still appears in movies, and regularly on television as one of the stars of *The Farmer's Daughter*).

Hassall's book is admirably proportioned, thoroughly presenting all phases of Brooke's life. The son of a Rugby housemaster, he became at Cambridge an ardent Fabian and a member of the exclusive society of Apostles. He wrote sprightly letters about his trips to Europe, North America, and the South Seas, and finally about the Aegean. As for the poems, Hassall does what he can for them; but in covering the subject completely and fairly he quotes that London-cousin affiliate of the Apostles, the Bloomsbury Group, to which Brooke was never admitted, perhaps because its members didn't consider him a first-rate poet. After Brooke's death, E. M. Forster commented that he might never have improved his poetic reputation but would perhaps have made a good public administrator. Virginia Woolf said that although she didn't think highly of Brooke's verse, "which he read on the lawn," she "thought he might become Prime Minister, because he had such a gift with people, and such sanity and force."

The author of the present biography died last year at fifty-three, just after he completed the manuscript. If he had lived to correct the proofs he might have caught some of the minor errors almost inevitable in a book of this scope: Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry, for example, weren't married when Brooke knew them, and Tolstoy died in 1910 rather than 1909. Later editions should certainly indicate that the Iowa lawyer and poet Arthur Davidson Ficke wasn't the literary editor of *The Chicago Evening Post*, a job held by Llewellyn Jones, mentioned in this volume along with Ficke as one of

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Brooke's Chicago friends during his 1914 visit to the U.S.

One of the achievements of this biography is its evocation of early twentieth-century England. The Fabian Brooke and his friends recognized its faults, which they attacked publicly, but the period now seems to have a golden-morning quality. Today, when so much of the world's most trenchant literature deals with the hollow, the nihilistic, and the absurd, a 1910 letter of Brooke's may seem quaint: "It's absurd to say the world is dull. It is superb . . . *superb!*" Of course he was a sentimentalist, but to realize that only sharpens the irony of his death. Christopher Hassall's book helps us to understand more fully the meaning of that death, and of that epoch.

Brooke, in volunteering to fight against a Germany he partly loved (he wrote skillfully of his tangled feelings), didn't celebrate war, Hassall says, "but a moral purpose." To the pacifists of the 1930s his *1914* poems were chauvinistic, though they seemed merely old-fashioned to the generation that went off to battle fascism in the 1940s. But Brooke had something to believe in: he had a support, whatever agonies love had brought, in that "superb" life so well depicted in this book. It gives the effect of spontaneously joyful young people wandering barefoot over England and camping out every summer week end. They brought a high seasoning of intellectualism to the richness of the landscape. It may be a long time—or so it seems in the age of rock'n'roll and Beatles – before all these elements are once again so exuberantly mixed in a civilization. Meanwhile, Christopher Hassall has given us a picture in depth of that lost time, with the Olivier girls, the Strachey brothers, Maynard Keynes, David Garnett, Edward Thomas, and all the others, along with this intensely living and piquantly complicated portrait of Rupert Brooke.

His Letters Hid a Secret Life

Isaac Babel: The Lonely Years, 1925-1939, *by Isaac Babel, translated from the Russian by Andrew R. MacAndrew and Max Hayward, edited by Nathalie Babel (Farrar, Straus. 402 pp. $6.75), presents the paradox of an original writer who voluntarily submitted to life in a regimented society. Daniel Stern wrote "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

WHEN this collection of letters and short stories of Isaac Babel was announced, there was a great deal of excited anticipation. Babel was, after all, the mystery man of modern Russian literature, the *wunderkind* who burst on the scene in 1925, introducing a unique tone in contemporary writing: a special confrontation between sensibility and violence.

Tragically, Babel's life work would fill only one medium-sized volume. But it is one that I believe can stand on the small shelf devoted to the five or six greatest short-story writers of the world.

This, plus the scarcity of biographical information and the vague reports of his disappearance in the late Thirties, gave rise to a "Babel mystique." *The Lonely Years,* edited by his daughter, Nathalie, will both dispel some of the mystery and add to the mystique. It tells us rather more than we had known about Babel's life; but it leaves us to infer what we can about the meaning of his fate.

The truth is that these letters are simply not the revelatory ones we had hoped for. They disclose only by indirection. This is the correspondence of a man whose real life was led in secret, in his creative work. The letters are bright enough, witty enough; but they are choked with trivialities, complaints, and contradictory remarks about his personal plight, the plight of revolutionary Russia, and the meeting of the two.

When one reads this book, a great sadness comes over one, and a persistent question: Why did Babel not leave the Soviet Union? In the beginning the answer is simple. He became a famous writer immediately upon publication of his first stories of the Red Cavalry in Gorky's magazine, *Letopis.* In addition, Gorky, perhaps the only writer ever to have Stalin's complete confidence, was Babel's political protector. But as the years go on the question gains urgency. Here is Babel writing to his sister in 1925, the year when his family began to break up, his wife, sister, and mother all leaving for different parts of Europe: "Like everyone else in my profession, I am oppressed by the prevailing conditions of our work in Moscow; that is, we are seething in a sickening professional environment devoid of art or creative freedom . . ."

During the next few years the letters sketchily describe his experiences in making a film about Benya Krik the gangster, which was quickly banned. His play *Sunset* was produced and had a considerable *succès d'estime.* The next play, *Maria,* was published and sup-

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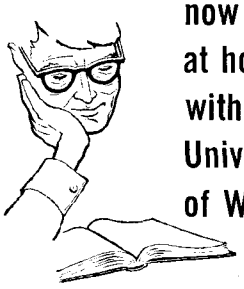

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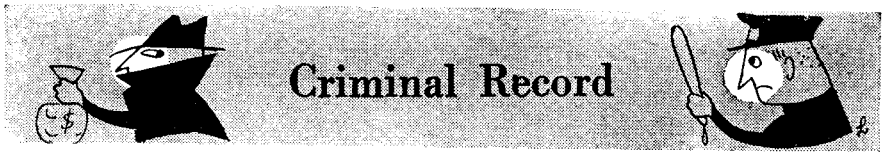
pressed. During this time Babel was also writing screenplays on assignment, several with the great director Eisenstein. This he refers to as "boring hack work." He was also pressed into service in the foredoomed program to create *Udarnicki*—literary shock-troops, to be developed from the ranks of the proletarian and peasant classes. This unlikely experiment produced almost no writers of value, and it depressed Babel considerably.

For years he kept writing stories but not publishing, knowing that his only safety was in silence. Yet in the Thirties Babel writes to his family, then in Paris: "And after all, why must Natasha be brought up in French Lycées among an alien people, struggling through the depression and misery besetting the western world, when she happens to be a citizen of a young and flourishing country full of sap and vigor, and with a future!"

Censorship? Perhaps; but the question persists: why endure it? In 1935 Babel was in Paris as a delegate to a Congress for the Defense of Culture and Peace. Why did he return? One explanation is a powerful attachment to his homeland. And, with such a complex and ironic figure, it may also have been an acting out of Kafka's famous saying: "In your struggle with the world . . . back the world." In 1939, after having survived the era of the *Yezhovschina*, the purges that ravaged the Soviet artistic community, Babel was arrested and imprisoned. His death was officially recorded as having occurred in 1941, with neither cause nor place of death given in the certificate. In 1954 the Military College of the Supreme Court of the USSR reviewed his case, and reported that "the case against him is terminated in the absence of elements of a crime."

The nine stories included in this volume, four of which are published for the first time in English, were written during the 1920s. Several of them are not first-quality Babel; but he was the most careful craftsman since Flaubert, and he never wrote a really bad story. Babel is dead; but Benya Krik, Gedali, Froim Grach, Mr. Zagursky, and all the others can never die.



An Instance of Treason: Ozaki Hotsumi and the Sorge Spy Ring. *By Chalmers Johnson. Stanford University Press.* $6.50. This fine account of a stunningly successful espionage coup (it kept the Soviet armies intact against Hitler's forces) is thorough, scholarly, absorbing. Author is member of political science faculty at University of California.

Treason Trail. *By William G. Schofield. Rand McNally.* $4.95. Ten Americans were indicted for attempted subversion by radio during Second World War, and four were brought to trial; author, Boston newshawk who covered some of the cases, here outlines careers and activities of betrayers. Makes fascinating if unpleasant reading.

A Stranger to Herself. *By Brad Williams. Crime Club.* $3.50. Identical twinness and amnesia are governing factors in this attention-holding, getting-around yarn (Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, California both Alta and Baja).

The Sad Variety. *By Nicholas Blake. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Nigel Strangeways *et ux.*, post-Christmasing in rural English guesthouse, help foil Red plot to pry technical secret out of physicist by snatching his eight-year-old daughter, who does some nice sleuthing herself. Pace hot, weather not.

Trap for Cinderella. *By Sebastien Japrisot. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Young Frenchwoman, badly burned in Riviera fire, wonders who she is and proceeds to find out in this highly ingenious baffler by the author of *The 10:30 from Marseille.*

The Hunting Ground. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. Photographer of tropical hummingbirds tizzies when plane crashes to doom over his head; international politics takes over. Agreeable espionage number.

A Hank of Hair. *By Charlotte Jay. Harper & Row.* $3.50. London Japanese-print fan (who tells tale) extracts strange tresses from hotel furniture; things get rather frantic thereafter, right up to violent terminus. Psychological shudderer.

Counterstroke. *By Patrick Wayland. Crime Club.* $3.50. U.S. agent hies to California-Mexico border on trail of billion-dollar heroin shipment from Red China; guns are fired; who hid the dream-dust where? Orthodox pursuit item.

Hang the Little Man. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.50. Shop-robbers who do not stop at murder give Supt. West of Yard a tough time; so does husband of slain wife operating as amateur sleuth. Teamwork sparks another victory for Handsome and his crew.

The Corrupters. *By Dariel Telfer. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. Discovery of charred body of pregnant woman leads to exposure of sundry vices practiced by "better" citizens, including school authorities. Some town, that Mesa City!

Withdraw Thy Foot. *By Cid Ricketts Sumner. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. Mature Yankee schoolmarm (narrator), spending July 4 weekend with Duxbury (Mass.) friends (it's a real town, and a nice one), encounters complications, including murder; *SR* mentioned seven times. Very easy to take.

The Silence of Herondale. *By Joan Aiken. Crime Club.* $3.50. Canadian miss accepts governess post in England and wishes she hadn't; love ("luv," that is) finds a way. Yorkshire spoken here.

Passage by Night. *By Hugh Marlowe. Abelard-Schuman.* $3.50. Bahama out-islands are scene of gory goings-on involving cruel Cubans, ladies in jeopardy; much aqualunging, also a superman hero. Spirited and tough.

The Missing Man. *By Hilary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.50. Police Chief Fred C. Fellows of Stockford, Conn., covers much ground in small state to tag killer of beauty found on beach. Usual painstaking, well-thought-out job.

The Golden Keel. *By Desmond Bagley. Doubleday.* $4.95. South African boat builder, heading expedition to hijack Mussolini's hidden ingots, runs into difficulties. Rip-roaring treasure-hunt yarn, with fine air of authenticity.

The Devil Within Us. *By Donald Basinger. London House & Maxwell.* $3.75. British convict freed after ten-year rap finds little brother taking same road; there are dead. Author's first is gloomy no end, but nicely done if you like 'em on the melancholy side.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

CRIMES ACROSS THE SEA. By The Mystery Writers of America. Edited by John Creasey. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE EYES AROUND ME. By Gavin Black. Harper & Row. $3.95.

KILLER IN THE RAIN. By Raymond Chandler. Houghton Mifflin. $5.50

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Stephen Sheppard. McKay. $4.95.

THE WOMAN WITH THE PORTUGUESE BASKET. By Eva-Lis Wuorio. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE FREE ENTERPRISERS: Kennedy, Johnson and the Business Establishment. By Hobart Rowen. Putnam. $5.95.

WHERE I STAND. By Barry Goldwater. McGraw-Hill. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, 95¢.

Fiction

AGRIPPA'S DAUGHTER. By Howard Fast. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE FORTRESS. By Catherine Gavin. Doubleday. $4.95.

GOD BLESS THE CHILD. By Kristin Hunter. Scribners. $4.95.

HOT FOR CERTAINTIES. By Robin Douglas-Home. Dutton. $3.95.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING. By Hans Koningsberger. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

AN INFINITY OF MIRRORS. By Richard Condon. Random House. $5.95.

THE ITALIAN GIRL. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $4.50.

MORE COMBAT STORIES. By William Chamberlain. John Day. $4.50.

THE NEW GIRL. By Elise Sanguinetti. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

THE PEOPLE ONE KNOWS. By Robert Boles. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

THE RIGHT BURGEE. By Henry Lee. Trident. $4.95.

SKIN DEEP. By Ralph Martin. McKay. $3.95.

TARGET. By William Wister Haines. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.75.

History

HOW THEY LIVED. Vol. II: 1485-1700 (British Isles). By Molly Harrison and O. M. Royston. Barnes & Noble. $6.

Miscellany

A BIG BOWL OF PUNCH. Edited by William Cole. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

BUTTING IN: An Adman Speaks Out. By Milton H. Biow. Doubleday. $4.95.

CASSEROLE TREASURY. By Lousene Rousseau Brunner. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE FLAMMARION BOOK OF ASTRONOMY. Translated and edited by Bernard Pagel. Simon & Schuster. $19.95 until Dec. 25; $22.95 thereafter.

THE STUPIDITY PROBLEM AND OTHER HARASSMENTS. By John Fischer. Harper & Row. $4.95.

INSIGHT: Ideas of Modern Science. By J. Bronowski. Harper & Row. $5.95.

MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF OUR ANIMAL WORLD. By the editors of *Reader's Digest*. Little, Brown. $12.95.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL: The First Eighty Years. By Will C. Conrad, Kathleen Wilson, and Dale Wilson. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $5.

MOREHEAD ON BIDDING. By Albert H. Morehead. Macmillan. $5.95.

SEX AND THE OFFICE. By Helen Gurley Brown. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

THE STONE AGE ISLAND: New Guinea Today. By Maslyn Williams. Doubleday. $5.95.

Music, Theater

FIVE OPERAS AND RICHARD STRAUSS. By Lotte Lehmann. Macmillan. $5.

PANTOMIME: The Silent Theater. By Douglas and Kari Hunt. Atheneum. $3.50.

Personal History

AN AMERICAN IN ROME. By Mike Stern. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

AT LARGE. By Herbert Kubly. Doubleday. $4.95.

EIGHTH MOON. By Sansan, as told to Bette Lord. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS MOORE. Edited by Peter Quennell. Macmillan. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON. Edited by W. H. Lewis. Macmillan. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95.

POET IN THE FORTRESS. By Thomas C. Aitken, Jr. New American Library. $6.50.

A START IN FREEDOM. By Sir Hugh Foot. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE STUARTS IN LOVE. By Maurice Ashley. Macmillan. $5.95.

TALES OUT OF CONGRESS. By Stephen M. Young. Lippincott. $3.95.

Religion

BEST JEWISH SERMONS OF 5723-5724 (1964). Edited by Saul I. Teplitz. Jonathan David. $5.95.

THE CHAIR OF PETER: A History of the Papacy. By Friedrich Gontard. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10.95 until Dec. 25; $12.50 thereafter.

FINDING OURSELVES. By Sidney Greenberg. Jonathan David. $5.95.

JOY. By Bertrand Weaver, C. P. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

OUR CHRISTIAN HOPE. By Georgia Harkness. Abingdon. $3.

PORTRAIT OF THE CHURCH—Warts and All. By R. Benjamin Garrison. Abingdon. $3.

PROTESTANTISM IN SUBURBAN LIFE. By Frederick A. Shippey. Abingdon. $4.50.

REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE. By Frank S. Mead. Abingdon. $2.75.

THE SEARCH FOR GOD. By Robert W. Gleason, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $5.

THE WORD: Readings in Theology. Foreword by R.A.F. MacKenzie, S.J. Kenedy. $4.95. —Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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ALBAN BERG: AN UPBEAT

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

THE tragic ending of Alban Berg's life reads like a bad joke. Death was caused by blood poisoning, brought on by nothing more devastating than a bee sting. On December 19, 1935, five days before the end, Berg underwent a blood transfusion and, typically, demanded to thank the donor personally. When he learned that the blood came from Leo K. Marker, a composer of lighter music, he turned to his friend, pupil, and biographer-to-be Willi Reich. "I only hope this won't make an operetta composer of me," he cried in mock desperation.

Berg had a relapse two days later. On December 23 he made a strange prophecy: "This will be the decisive day." Later, amid feverish hallucinations and still very much concerned with the unfinished *Lulu,* he made some motions as if conducting. "An upbeat, an upbeat!" he muttered repeatedly. He died early the next morning.

Considering the accomplishments of Berg's relatively short lifetime, not to mention his importance as a revolutionary musical figure, it is surprising that printed biographical data on the composer has been so sketchy. Until recently, there were only three books that dealt with his life story at all, and none of these—not even Reich's—could be described as substantial biographies.

There are reasons for this apparent neglect. Berg was only slightly more controversial when he died twenty-nine years ago than he is today, and his atonal scores have never been clearly understood by the public at large. Early writers saw it as their duty, therefore, to explain (or at least analyze) the man's creations before attempting to explain (or analyze) the man himself. Willi Reich, probably the foremost Berg authority alive, devoted less than a dozen pages to biographical data in his initial study published in 1937 (Reichner Verlag, Vienna). The remaining 196 pages were given over to essays on the Berg output, written by the composer himself as well as by other and contemporary musicologists.

Reich's effort was complemented in the 1950s by H.F. Redlich's equally scholarly *Alban Berg: The Man and his Music* (English edition, Abelard-Schuman Ltd., New York, 1957). But, contrary to the implication of the title, Redlich concentrated primarily on The Music (276 pages), and not on The Man (a mere twenty-eight pages). Until last year, the best source of Berg data remained a remarkably unprepossessing little volume by Konrad Vogelsang called *Alban Berg: Leben und Werk* (Max Hesse Berlin, 1959). Although Vogelsang made no attempt to exhaust his subject, Berg's life got at least as much attention as did his works.

Ironically, when Willi Reich finally got around to revising his long out-of-print first effort (the original had been banned when it became clear that Berg's esthetic principles clashed with those of the Nazis), he chose the same title as had Vogelsang. The new *Alban Berg: Leben und Werk* (Atlantis Verlag, Zurich, 1963), however, bears little resemblance to any of its predecessors. The "Leben" portion alone numbers almost eighty pages. It represents the most exhaustive documentation of Berg's life currently available.

Eventually this, too, may prove inadequate for complete understanding of the man who created *Wozzeck, Lulu,* and the Violin Concerto dedicated to Manon Gropius. Certainly an even greater time lapse is needed to make our perspective a wholly objective one. And publication of hitherto unrevealed letters and memoirs will no doubt add to our comprehension of Berg's goals as well as his achievements. In the meantime, however, we may be content with Reich's fascinating blueprint, to which Redlich and Vogelsang still add valuable illumination.

Berg himself would probably be the first to object to our insistence that we know as much as possible about a composer's life. "I believe the creative effort is more important than the man," Berg wrote to Erwin Stein in 1921. "Perhaps the only reason for 'nurturing' the man at all is so one may coax from him the highest possible creative effort."

Be that as it may, the act of *reading* about these creative efforts is often both frustrating and unrevealing. Pedantic studies of how Berg put his works together are no more satisfying for the hungry listener than cookbooks are for a hungry man.

Perhaps there is a correlation between Berg's distaste for matters biographical and the physical unpleasantness of his own existence. A man strangely prone to infections and illness, he grew accustomed to pain while still quite young. At the age of fifteen he suffered the physical shock of severe bronchial asthma and the emotional shock of his father's unexpected death, both within two months. It is probably significant that Berg turned to music for the first time during that same year, producing songs with texts by Franz Ewers, Siegfried Fleischer, and Walther von der Vogelweide. It is also worth noting that Berg's psychological makeup was such that he attempted suicide three years later, following a series of amorous and scholastic failures,

Long before a family inheritance enabled him to concentrate on composing full-time, Berg found himself strangely fascinated by the musical avant-garde. Strauss and Mahler were the strongest influences of his early years; each represented the culmination of romanticism on one hand, the bridge into a new musical realm on the other. In Berg's search for an original, valid mode of expression, however, he desperately needed an authoritative, more advanced guide. He knew that the harmonic language of his Brahmsian lied compositions was dead, but saw no clear alternative.

Then Arnold Schönberg entered his life, practically as a *deus ex machina.* Introduced by Berg's musical but less creative brother, Schönberg became the younger composer's idol, friend, adviser, and teacher. Lieder continued to be Berg's most frequent vehicles, for the time being at least, but they soon began to take on avant-garde characteristics missing in the earliest efforts. The last piece written under Schönberg's tutelage was not a vocal composition but the String Quartet, Op. 3, of 1910. With it, a final barrier between past and present had been broken.

When Berg himself turned to teaching in his later years, he followed Schönberg's relatively conservative pedagogical techniques. "Standard" rules of counterpoint and fugue composition were invariably enforced, though matters of form were handled a bit more flexibly. Berg disliked correcting mistakes, preferring to scrawl on exercise papers such instructions as "Find a better way!" For most composition lessons he cited examples from the classics. But if a student showed honest modernistic learnings, the example came from Schönberg and Berg.

Although Berg had met Gustav Mahler only once, the latter's death came as a bitter shock. It was afterwards that Berg became closely connected with the family of his former idol. The Mahler's name recurs like a leitmotif throughout the Berg biography. Mahler's widow helped finance *Wozzeck;* it is to her that the opera is dedicated, just as it was the memory of her late daughter (of a second marriage) that inspired Berg to write the Violin Concerto. Anna Mahler, daughter of Gustav and Alma, was the artist sum-

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moned to execute the now-famous death mask of Berg. Those interested in morbid coincidences have made much of the fact that both Berg and Mahler died of blood poisoning and at exactly the same age (both seven weeks before their respective fifty-first birthdays). Mahler's name, prophetically, had also appeared under Berg's on the program for the latter's first Viennese *Theaterskandal* back in 1913. The furor created by Berg's Two Altenberg Songs was such that the concert had to be called off before its own finale—the *Kindertotenlieder* under Schönberg— could take place. The impact of the riot supposedly rivaled that of the *Sacre du printemps* premiere in Paris that same year.

Controversy, though of a more subdued nature, also marked the premiere of Berg's most famous work a dozen years later. The following excerpts from reviews (quoted by Reich) attest to both the kind of reactions elicited by *Wozzeck* and the kind of critical writing acceptable to the Berlin of 1925. Under the headline, "STAMMERING AT THE STAATSOPER," Paul Zschorlich wrote:

> As I left the Staatsoper unter den Linden last night, I had the feeling I was coming out of a public madhouse, not a public artistic institute. . . . These massed spasms and attacks of instruments can have nothing to do with European music and its development. . . . The applause was nothing but the crackling of lies. . . . [Berg] mocks forms and laws, holds all great masters in contempt, lets his pen dribble away, ignores his conscience, takes advantage of the stupidity and the mercy of his fellow man. . . . I consider Berg a musical swindler and a generally dangerous composer. . . . his is a capital crime. . . .

H. H. Stuckenschmidt, however, presented a different viewpoint:

> It is difficult to do justice within the limits of a review to the strange perfection and uniqueness of this work. . . . Berg's writing reveals qualities only latent in the libretto, unfolds the most secret psychological details, and testifies to ingenuity that places him beside the most notable musico-dramatists of our time. . . . a meaningful event in the history of music drama.

Within eleven years of its premiere, *Wozzeck* had been performed in twenty-nine different locales from Amsterdam to Leningrad. Its controversy spread with it, but the negative reactions were never strong enough to harm Berg's purposes. His revolutionary ideals had been vindicated.

The premiere of Berg's second opera took place under quite different circumstances. When *Lulu* was first given in Zurich on June 2, 1937, the composer was represented by his widow. The premiere was more a triumph over adverse circumstances than a total artistic triumph *per se*. The political doctrines of the Nazis had forced the opera out of Germany, where it was "revived" only after the end of World War II. Also, like Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Puccini's *Turandot*, *Lulu* was left incomplete by its composer. Although Philip Jarnach had finished *Doktor Faust* and Franco Alfano had come forward to patch up the remains of *Turandot*, no one was willing to perform the necessary posthumous surgery on the *Lulu* fragment.

Such factors, coupled with the complexity of the *Lulu* score and the candid psycho-sexual involvements of its plot, have made the opera an unlikely candidate for export and/or widespread popularity. Nevertheless, *Lulu* is taking hold; it has even had two different productions in the United States during recent seasons: first in Santa Fe and later in Boston. The time for re-evaluation has obviously come.

There is further proof of this in the fact that *Wozzeck* is about to appear in the repertory of the Metropolitan for the third time since its overdue debut in 1958. Also, the current Schwann Catalog lists thirty-one entries under Berg, which is thirty-one more than could be found in the first issue of the same catalogue fifteen years ago.

Perhaps Schönberg best isolated the qualities in Berg that made him deserving of this new-found popularity in an essay written in 1949. The master who outlived his disciple said Berg was a "timid man . . . . a strong character who was faithful to his ideas [and] making the belief in ideas one's destiny is the quality which makes great men."

—*Bettmann Archives.*

Alban Berg poses above a painting of himself by Arnold Schönberg. The picture dates from 1935 (the year of Berg's death), the painting from about 1910.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Benny Carter: *Benny Carter in Paris.* Carter, alto saxophone, with vocal group and rhythm section. 20th Century Fox 4134, $3.98; stereo $4.98.	Carter had a feeling for running, involved chord changes long before it was fashionable or even possible for most jazz musicians. His technical facility led to fast articulation, and he seemed to have a natural inclination toward purity of tone and a kind of orthodoxy. In a sense, he was a forerunner of the "bop" and "cool" cults, and this record shows the degree to which he has absorbed their innovations and sometimes, alas, their clichés. The boppers' corny, chicken-clucking phrase—"ool-ya-koo"—sounds odd coming from such a sophisticated musician. A female group periodically doo-dooing in the background indicates the album's commercial intent, but there is nevertheless enough of Carter's true artistry to redeem it. An unidentified rhythm section gives enthusiastic support.
Fifty-Second Street: ten groups featuring Chu Berry, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Wilbur De Paris, trombone; Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone; Eddie Heywood, Teddy Wilson, Mel Powell, piano; Billie Holiday, Lee Wiley, vocal. Mainstream 6009, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Mainstream continues its valuable but unsystematic release of the Commodore catalogue with ten recordings made in the early '40s before the bop dam burst. There is rewarding music on every track. Ben Webster's method of sandwiching improvisation between melody still sounds good and valid on "Linger Awhile." Chu Berry, Lips Page, and Clyde Hart justify in full the title of their performance, "Blowin' Up a Breeze." Eddie Heywood's homogeneous group turns "Blue Lou" into a pocket piano concerto and backs Billie Holiday brilliantly on "My Old Flame." Mel Powell eclipses Benny Goodman on "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and there are splendid solos elsewhere by Art Tatum, Sidney Bechet, and Sidney De Paris. Even on the weakest track, by Lee Wiley, there are movingly sensitive obbligati by Muggsy Spanier that recall those of the great Joe Smith.
Jimmy Forrest: *Soul Street.* Forrest, tenor saxophone, with quartet, quintet, and octet. Prestige 8293. Gene Ammons: *Late Hour Special.* Ammons, tenor saxophone, with trio and nonet. Prestige 7287, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Forrest and Ammons are tenor saxophonists with a good deal in common, their styles embodying a simplified synthesis of ideas derived from Lester Young and Charlie Parker. Both, moreover, favor a robust tone and a strong beat. Ammons's playing is rarely up to standard here and the better moments on his set are provided by Patti Bown (piano), Clark Terry (trumpet with plunger mute), and the reed section in unobtrusive but pertinent passages scored by Oliver Nelson. Forrest, much more assured and convincing on ballads, does especially well on "I Love You" and "Sonny Boy" despite the addition of conga drum. An inane version of Mancini's "Experiment in Terror" is immediately compensated for by a forceful interpretation of Ellington's "Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin'."
Budd Johnson: *Ya, Ya!* Johnson, tenor saxophone; Al Williams, organ; George Duvivier or Richard Davis, bass; Belton Evans, drums. Argo 736, mono and stereo, $4.98.	As usual, Johnson's playing is expert and varied in scope, his best solos—in contrasting moods—being on "Ya, Ya!" and "Come Rain or Come Shine." The material consists of blues and standards, plus a couple of originals on which he shows an amused awareness of avant-garde activities. "The Revolution" is never anarchic, but the bowed *orientalia* by Richard Davis on "Exotique" is certainly disturbing the first time around. The support by organ and drums is mostly uninspiring, but both bassists contribute imaginatively. Brighter tempos would have improved the album considerably.
Junior Mance: *Get Ready, Set, Jump!* Mance, piano; Pete Candoli, Don Fagerquist, Manie Klein, Ray Triscari, Al Orcino or John Audino, trumpets; Vern Friley, Milt Bernhardt, Lew McCreary, trombones; George Roberts, Ken Shroyer, bass trombones; Joe Comfort, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Capitol T 2092, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Though this is more successful than Capitol's previous ventures with the big-band-and-piano formula, in which Earl Hines and Billy Taylor participated, the neat end result is innocuous and probably best suited to the needs and tastes of the omnipotent disc jockeys. Mance is a swinger and he fits into the brass frames skilfully enough, but twelve numbers with a total playing time of less than thirty minutes give him too little opportunity to dig to any depth. Arranger Bob Bain's scoring is tasteful but not notably imaginative, whereas Dave Cavanaugh evinces in his more than mere fondness for the sound of the Basie band.
Onzy Matthews: *Blues with a Touch of Elegance.* Matthews, piano and arranger, with eighteen-piece band. Capitol T 2099, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Capitol and Matthews are to be congratulated on the presentation of another big band, though the influence of Stan Kenton lies somewhat oppressively upon it, as on so much that emanates from the West Coast. The feeling for tempo is unsatisfactory and the rhythm section inadequate as a unit, but guitarist Ray Crawford's appearance is always refreshing. Matthews could profitably make more soloistic use of him in his next album. The most enjoyable performances are "Feels Like I've Got the Blues," a feature for the well-rooted trumpet of Bobby Bryant, and "Blues Non-Stop," on which Clifford Solomon is the able tenor saxophone soloist. A tiresome sort of ennui pervades the slow numbers.
The Newport House Band (a) and the Newport All-Stars (b): *That Newport Jazz.* (a) Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, trumpets; Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, tenor saxophones; Joe Zawinul, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. (b) Ruby Braff, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; George Wein, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Columbia CL 2179, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The big names draw the crowds and play their record hits at Newport, but the "house" bands usually best perpetuate the spontaneous spirit of jazz in sets that are virtually public jam sessions. This generous sampling (thirty minutes a side) illustrates the levels attained at last year's festival—the triumphs, goofs, and indecisions. The first side records Howard McGhee's fiery return to prominence after a long absence. His solos and long exchange with Clark Terry, no less, demonstrate his readiness. The reverse is dominated by Ruby Braff, who plays so expressively in the middle register. On "When Your Lover Has Gone," he uses the lower register for contrast as other trumpet players do the upper. It makes a very agreeable change!
Charlie Shavers: *At le Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris.* Shavers, trumpet and vocal; Ray Bryant, piano; Tommy Bryant, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Everest 5225, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The expected up-tempo displays of virtuosity are here, but so are several ballads played with a beauty of tone and line that recalls no one so much as the late Tommy Dorsey, by whom Shavers was long employed. "But Beautiful" and "Fly Me to the Moon" are recommended in this respect. Shavers also sings on five numbers with that engaging throaty quality and conviction of which so many trumpet players seem capable, his versions of "I've Got the World on a String" and "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?" being particularly striking. The rhythm section is excellent throughout and Ray Bryant has a number of typical solos.
Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Mel Powell, Joe Bushkin, Fats Waller, and Jess Stacy: *Chairmen of the Board.* Pianists, solo and with groups of different sizes. Mainstream, 6008, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Another re-issued Commodore recording, this one offers Mel Powell and Joe Bushkin unaccompanied, and Jess Stacy, playing "After You've Gone" with admirable, Hines-like tremolo, accompanied only by Specs Powell on drums. He also plays in a trio with Bud Freeman, and Teddy Wilson plays two numbers in a quartet with Edmond Hall. Fats Waller solos exquisitely twice but all too briefly in a dreary Dixieland context, but the *pièce de résistance* is "Mop Mop" by a true all-star band that includes Art Tatum, Cootie Williams, and Coleman Hawkins. Made in 1943, this is a fine example of a septet swinging as a team with a common sense of direction. —S.D.

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"The Sounds of History"

(A Supplement to The "Life" History of the United States)

(A Project Records Inc., Production, Time, Inc.)

The *Life* history of our country is well along its predestined way by now, accompanied in each of twelve dated categories by recordings of *The Sounds of History*, a supplemental set of discs beginning with *The New World* (prehistory to 1774) and running through the sixth set of books-plus-records, *The Union Restored* (1861-1876). There will, we are told, be a dozen in all, but this report is involved only with the first half. The books alone cost $3.95 each, but one can get a de luxe edition including the matching records for $5.90. We are not concerned here with the quality or content of the books, except as they relate to the recordings. The records alone are incomparably valuable to anyone studying American history and especially intriguing to history buffs long past school age.

This aging buff approached the *Life* series with some misgivings, for capsule history is not precisely our dish of tea, and we have a feeling that the books alone might have disappointed us, as they would almost anyone used to far greater detail per event. Yet, on first hearing the recordings and fitting them into the dowel of the printed word, one cannot help but admire the project and, in the end, be completely won over. Each record begins with a "Documents" side and has "Music" of each period on the reverse. I had not expected to be stirred overmuch by the first recording, *The New World*, and it is indeed one of the lesser of the first half-dozen. It begins with Fredric March reciting from Walt Whitman's "Passage to India," and from Columbus's journal, then changing his voice as best he can to be, in succession, Captain John Smith, Governor William Bradford, Sir Walter Raleigh, William Penn, and Patrick Henry, among others. Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March) takes the feminine parts, the most touching of which is a reading from an indentured servant's letter written in Maryland in 1756. The obverse side is little better, though "The Liberty Song" is a honey and "The Seeds of Love" is enhanced by the crystal purity of Lynn Gold's flute-like ballading.

But the series gets going in record No. 2, *The Making of a Nation*, perhaps the best of the first six. I defy anyone to listen without emotion as March reads from the Declaration of Independence, from Tom Paine, or from cadenced passages about the misery of Valley Forge; even the Preamble to the Constitution sounds, owing to his beautiful diction and restraint, quite new. Indeed, this recording would, I should think, give a student of any age the best idea of what the Revolution was all about. I recommend especially "The White Cockade," with old-style fifes and drums—no need for composed music here—and "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," sung by Jane Wilson. It turns out, something new to me at least, that "Yankee Doodle" was often parodied. The version given here is "Corn Cobs, or Yankee Notions," but the theme of defiance toward the redcoats is the same as the original's—this one pretending a Tory's fear for the rebellious Yankees. Finally, on the music side, "The President's March" masquerades as our old friend "Hail Columbia," buoyant as always, and most likely used in New York at the time of the first Presidential inauguration. If there were no other item in the series it would be worth its total price for this one great pressing alone, which moves us from 1775 to 1789, momentous times.

Record No. 3 takes us from 1789 to 1829 under the title *The Growing Years*, in which the new Republic endured alternate spasms of peace and war. It begins with Washington's Farewell Address, beautifully rendered by Fredric March; goes on through Thomas Jefferson's instructions to Meriwether Lewis, and William Clark's triumphant shout of ecstasy in his *Journal* upon first seeing the Pacific Ocean; and reaches a high point with an astonishing letter Jefferson wrote William Short in 1820, precisely forecasting the Civil War as a direct result of the Compromise of 1820 (which, of course, split America into slave and free, below and above the Mason-Dixon parallel). The talking side of this record ends with Andrew Jackson's great message to the Senate in 1834, in which the common man is given his first chance at government, and the right of the nobly born and the wealthy (and of them alone) to govern the brash new country is challenged.

The musical side of record No. 3 is relatively insignificant, but three numbers linger in the mind, all of them of folk origin and all of them sung. The

(*Continued on page* 51)

Angel

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Self-Portrait of a Lion

Music on my Mind: The Memoirs of an American Pianist, *by Willie the Lion Smith with George Hoefer (Doubleday, 318 pp., $4.95), tells of the life and times of one of the great jazz personalities.*

DUKE ELLINGTON, who "plays the introduction" to this entertaining and illuminating autobiography of one of his mentors, Willie the Lion Smith, describes that famous pianist as "a gladiator at heart." The phrase is apt, for Smith won his nickname at the front in World War I as an artilleryman firing a French 75. "It was a tough war," he has been quoted as saying, "and I'm proud and happy that I won it."

But he was a gladiator in a musical arena, too, in a remarkable era of competitive jazz piano, when desperate duels were fought at the keyboard nightly. These duels, or "cutting contests," established reputations, but they did not destroy affection between victors and vanquished, as the Lion's many references to other pianists such as Luckey Roberts, James P. Johnson, and Fats Waller make abundantly clear.

Better than most, the book substantiates the claim long attested by both Smith and Ellington that New Orleans was *not* the exclusive birthplace of jazz. In a chapter entitled "Hot Towns Are Calling Me," the Lion details some of the early counterparts of the French Quarter (or Storyville) in New Orleans. New York had its Hell's Kitchen, Newark its Coast, Atlantic City its Line, San Francisco its Barbary Coast, and Chicago its Levee, and in all of these notorious districts a new musical brew was apparently fermenting at the same time. Good pianists who could play in all keys were sure of work there, and they circulated. New Orleans—still "Western" at that time—would bring a novel form of band instrumentation, uninhibited brass and reed expression, and a strong blues content, whereas the East would contribute a more sophisticated conception of improvisation and variation in its "stride" style of piano playing, as applied to "shouts" derived from church ring-shouts. "All the different forms can be traced to Negro church music," the Lion insists.

Brought up in Newark, "where the railroads coming up from the South ended," he began going to New York in 1913. There he studied the "attitude" (what is now known as "showmanship") of the city's pianists as well as their music, but he was not a mere copyist:

> I had my own attitude and way of working at the piano. My way was to get a cigar clenched between my teeth, my derby tilted back, knees crossed, and my back arched at a sharp angle against the back of the chair. I'd cuss at the keyboard and then caress it with endearing words; a pianist who growls, hums, and talks to the piano is a guy who is trying hard to create something for himself.

It was an era when ragtime pianists were still extremely popular in saloons, and there are interesting and amusing anecdotes about legendary characters like Willie "Egg Head" Sewell, "One-Leg" Willie Joseph, and John Wilson, alias Jack the Bear. When New York's Negroes began to move uptown into Harlem, the Lion encountered many other pianists who were unknowingly instrumental in bringing about the transition from ragtime to jazz. Richard "Abba Labba" McLean was one of them; he "could swing like mad, just like an old-time Baptist preacher shouting at his congregation."

Returned from wartime duties in France, the Lion immediately "went back to the saloon wars, pounding the piano." Usually, he was paid only in "uppercuts"—tips, but no salary. If he was lucky, he also got a "left hook"—a small weekly retainer. Prohibition and the popularity of such performers as Florence Mills, Bert Williams, and Bojangles Robinson resulted in considerable development of Harlem as an entertainment area. Even before the Depression, it had become common there to run parties in homes for the purpose of raising the rent and, the Lion observes, "the party business sure did pick up when they made drinking illegal." The music at these parties was provided as a rule by pianists. Among the more popular were the Lion and his friends James P. Johnson, Duke Ellington, and Fats Waller.

—*Arnold Newman Curtis.*

The Lion in his natural habitat — "knees crossed . . . back arched at a sharp angle . . ."

The repeal of Prohibition coincided with the great Depression and a decline in Harlem night life, and the Lion spent some six months with two of the greatest New Orleans musicians, Sidney Bechet and Tommy Ladnier, who were then operating the Southern Tailor Shop, Bechet pressing suits and Ladnier shining shoes. Willie left when Bechet began to consider the financial advantages of undertaking.

If the three decades since that time have been a period of fluctuating fortune, the Lion has nevertheless preserved his reputation and "attitude" with pride and fortitude in encounters with the rich, the Communists, and moviemakers, and as a member of the "Foreign Legion" at New York's Central Plaza. Eminent musicians like Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Ben Webster continue to honor him, as do such one-time students as Joe Bushkin, Milt Raskin, and Walter Gross. He appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1960 and 1964, each time with much success and in competition with other pianists. He toured Europe and North Africa in 1949-50 and is undoubtedly as much esteemed in France as in his own country.

He tells a good story against himself in connection with the European tour. He began his programs in France with *La Marseillaise* and became accustomed to people standing up and applauding. One night, there was no reaction at all, and he berated the audience for its lack of patriotism—until someone came on stage to remind him he was in Zurich.

The Lion was born under Saturn, "the get-it-the-hard-way planet," and he has always been very conscious of cosmic influences—"the Lion roars when the vibrations are right!" He roars with occasional rage and frequent humor in this book, which is enhanced by three scene-setting chapters from George Hoefer, a discography, and an index.

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Sounds of History

Continued from page 49

first is "The Hunters of Kentucky," done to a turn by Robert Spiro, lightheartedly commemorating Jackson's election and the breaking of the line of gentleman presidents. The second, "The E-ri-e Canal," about a poor mule driver along the canal dying for a drink of gin and not likely to get it before daybreak, is marvelously sung by Eric Weisberg. The third, with Jane Wilson's voice, is one of the most haunting melodies to come out of the southern Appalachian Mountains, "He's Gone Away." If practitioners of the current rage for guitar-strumming and folk singing don't pick up all three items, they're crazy.

THE period 1829 to 1849 (record No. 4) takes in most of the era of dull Presidents; and, by no coincidence, *The Sweep Westward* is a dull record. Let's face it: Americans were too busy with their manifest destiny in those twenty years of expansion and growth to pay overmuch attention to art or poetry or music, other than folk imitations of what had come over from Europe, or arose in the tradition of the land itself. About all there is to recommend this record is William Lloyd Garrison's first editorial in the *Liberator*, January 1, 1831, in which he makes the well-known statement that he will not equivocate, that he will not retreat one inch, and that he will be heard on the awful institution of slavery. One other item on the documents side is worth noting: Narcissa Whitman's journal as she and her husband trek northwest. One particular day she is forced to abandon her small trunk, containing all she has of the civilized Eastern world she has left. One cannot hear her words without understanding a bit better what it must have been like to be an un-Hollywood pioneer woman (she died soon thereafter).

Records No. 5 and 6 are *The Union Sundered* and *The Union Restored*, titled like consecutive cards in a childish game we used to play. The best of the documents narrated come from the journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in which he refuses point-blank to obey the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. There is also a stirring and humorous account of robbery on the overland stage, from the point of view of a man wearing $40,000 in his money belt; an hilarious item from McGuffey's *Eclectic First Reader*, in which all the syllables are painfully sepa-ra-ted by Florence Eldridge; a scene from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, also read by Miss Eldridge; John Brown's formidable address at his trial in 1859; Clara Barton's touching letter about Civil War wounded dated 1862; and a tear-jerking account of depressed and defeated Robert E. Lee after the Battle of Gettysburg.

On these two records, however, the music surpasses the documentation. I heartily recommend "Follow the Drinking Gourd," sung by Marvin Hayes, the gourd being of course the Big Dipper pointing north, and the song the standard of the Underground Railroad. Our old friends "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Marching through Georgia," "Aura Lee"—and a new friend (to me), "Lorena"—are easily the best of the Civil War songs used here. "Lorena" became such a song favorite in the South that many a daughter of the Confederacy bore the name as a proud symbol. One should also mention an item called "Rally Round the Cause, Boys," written to the tune of "Battle Cry of Freedom" but used with different words to unify the North against Copperheads advocating a quick end to the war. Charles Collingwood's narration and Virgil Thomson's musical notes are most effective here.

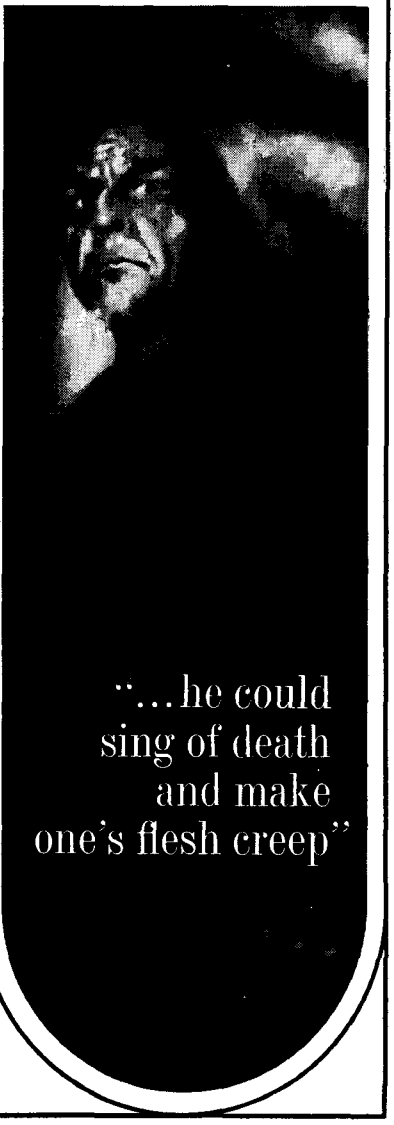
Though these Civil War records are well enough done, the best of them are derivative, coming from our old friend Frederick Fennell and his Eastman Wind Ensemble, courtesy of Mercury Records (see *SR* reviews of March 17, 1962 and March 14, 1964). Mr. Fennell's insistence on the use of original brass instruments found in museums and private collections of true Civil War vintage, lends a certain authenticity to the sounds of fifes, drums, and cornets of wavering key. They more than hold their own amongst much modern vocal and instrumental talent. And I must say, after hearing Mr. March's great rendering of John Brown's address just before his execution, that I had never before truly realized that Brown was not only no fool but a brilliant coiner of oratorical phrases, and a ringing wordsmith. Mr. March quickly realizes this, too, and puts everything he has into words as powerful and timely a century later as they were then. I did wish sometimes, though, that Mr. March's Abe Lincoln, with its ersatz Southern-Western accent, had sounded a little less like Winston Churchill and, on occasion, Charlie Ruggles. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. April. 2. December. 3. February. 4. January, December. 5. August. 6. November. 7. September. 8. May. 9. October. 10. June. 11. March. 12. January. 13. July. Column Two should read: 10, 9, 13, 8, 1, 5, 6, 4, 3, 7, 12, 2, 11.

Angel

Chaliapin "...he could sing of death and make one's flesh creep; he could sing comic songs in Russian and make English audiences laugh; he could sing love-songs to make feminine hearts of all ages flutter." This could be only Feodor Chaliapin, against whom every other bass must forever be measured. Angel's latest in the widely acclaimed "Great Recordings of the Century" series presents 16 of Chaliapin's most memorable selections—poignant folk songs, Mephistopheles' Serenade from Gounod's "Faust"; Gretchaninov's "Glory to Thee, O Lord"; Moussorgsky's famous "Song of the Flea" and "Songs and Dances of Death"; "La calunnia è un venticello" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; and four arias from Ibert's "Don Quichotte." The sound of this monaural recording is a tribute to modern engineering ingenuity; the music a memorial to the inspired art of Chaliapin. Angel COLH 141.



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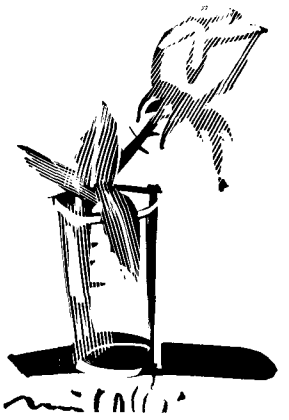
Sartre

Continued from page 35

certain self-satisfaction. No, he declares; to have found happiness in demonstrating the fundamental unhappiness of man, to have found heaven in proving man's hell, are supreme evidence of fakery and self-deception. Such penitential casuistry makes us feel that if Sartre has any reproach to make to the intellect, it is that, if abused, it may produce such a dolorous dialectical flower as this.

Yet Sartre will go on writing, and even promises more autobiography. Why? Well, it's a habit, he tells us; and anyway, literature does serve some purpose in that it offers man a critical mirror for himself. And if he can divest himself of all his fakery and self-deception, there still remains "a whole man, composed of all men and as good as all of them and no better than any." Were we to presume to offer comfort to Sartre in his despair, we might point out that in restating the noblest aim of literature which the old humanists could aspire to, and in defining himself in a paraphrase of Rousseau's famous *apologia pro vita sua*, Sartre still has a lot left even though he is not president of the Republic.



The translation of *Les Mots*, while generally satisfactory, is marred by minor infelicities in word-choice and by mistakes that may be printer's errors.

I LIKE and respect the humble and tenacious faithfulness of certain people —particularly women—to their tastes, their desires, their former plans, to bygone red-letter days; I admire their will to remain the same amidst change, to save their memory, to carry to the grave a first doll, a milk tooth, a first love. I have known men who, in later life, slept with an aging woman solely because they had desired her in their youth. Others harbored resentment against dead people or would have come to blows rather than recognize a venial error committed twenty years earlier. As for me, I don't hold grudges and I obligingly admit everything; I'm always ready to criticize myself, provided I'm not forced to. In 1936 and 1945, the individual who bears my name was treated badly: does that concern me? I hold him responsible for the insults he swallowed: the fool wasn't even able to command respect. An old friend meets me; a display of bitterness: he has been harboring a grievance for seventeen years; in a specific situation I treated him inconsiderately. I vaguely remember that I defended myself at the time by counter-attacking, that I taunted him with his touchiness, his persecution mania, in short, that I had my personal version of the incident. I am all the more eager to adopt his; I completely agree with him, I heap abuse on myself: I behaved conceitedly, I acted selfishly, I'm heartless; it's a joyful massacre; I revel in my lucidity; to recognize my misbehavior with such good grace is to prove to myself that I couldn't act that way now. Would anyone believe it? My fairness, my generous confession only irritate the plaintiff. He has seen through me, he knows that I'm using him. He has a grudge against *me*, me alive, present, past, the *same* person he has always known, and here am I leaving him an inert corpse for the pleasure of feeling like a *new-born babe*. I end by losing my temper with that maniac who's digging up old bones. Vice versa, if anyone reminds me of some incident in which, so I am told, I appeared to advantage, I pooh-pooh the memory; people think I'm being modest, but it's quite the opposite: I'm thinking that I would do better today and *so much* better tomorrow. Middle-aged writers don't like to be praised too earnestly for their early work; but I'm the one, I'm sure of it, who's pleased least of all by such compliments. My best book is the one I'm in the process of writing; right after it comes the last one that was published, but I'm secretly getting ready to be disgusted with it before long. If the critics should now think it's bad, they may wound me, but in six months I'll be coming round to their opinion. But on one condition: however poor and worthless they consider the book, I want them to rank it above all my previous work. I'm willing to let them run down my whole output, provided they maintain the chronological hierarchy, the only one that leaves me a chance to do better tomorrow, still better the day after, and to end with a masterpiece. —*From "Words."*

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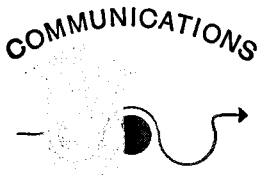
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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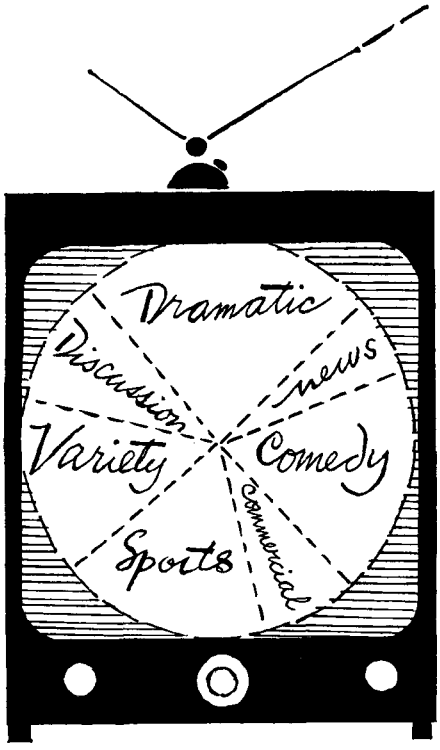

Breaking the TV Schedule Straitjacket

EVERY ONCE in a while in a cliché-ridden industry like television, someone comes up with an idea so fresh and so sensible that it ought to be given wide promotion and support. Jennings Lang, Vice President of TV Production for Universal City Studios, has suggested that television break away from the radio tradition of having programs tailored to the hour, half hour, and even quarter-hour. Mr. Lang's opinions are not to be taken lightly, since he is a leading TV producer and Universal manufactures such famous television fare as *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour, McHale's Navy,* and *Wagon Train.*

So, Mr. Lang has craft credentials worth listening to and we happen to know that he has discussed a proposed evening of news, variety shows, situation comedy, and drama with one of the three major commercial networks. Mr. Lang reports: "We would take four hours and include in that span various programs that would run as long—or as short—as necessary. Why must an author write a play to fit a specific time slot? Why must the news always be fifteen minutes when, on a given day, it may only be worth seven minutes? This is a holdover from radio."

If the networks reject Mr. Lang's plea to end the legacy of straitjacket radio schedules, Universal City Studios is ready to go it alone. Mr. Lang adds: "This is a magazine or night-at-the-movies idea. Hopefully, it would keep viewers on one network, as exact times for the beginning and ending of shows could not be given. The aim would be a full evening with TV."

Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., former President of NBC, suggested a similar magazine format for TV some years ago but it got nowhere, and understandably so, for nothing is as entrenched as a fixed idea in the networks which, like the movies, are imitative and predictably set in their ways. Only a sudden, enormous success in a new subject-field can stir them. If one studio or network hits a home run with a situation comedy about a streetcar conductor, all the other studios and networks immediately summon their writers to do scripts about streetcar conductors. With something as fixed as rigid timing by hours, half-hours, and quarter-hours, wholly a legacy from radio, the change in TV will come hard in spite of logic and the obvious artistic and ratings advantages.

A spokesman at NBC has given us the network side of the argument, which is, briefly, as follows: Basically, the regularity of TV programing is due to an initial Federal Communications Commission ruling requiring station breaks, and to habits of procedure that carry over from radio days. Stations must be identified at least every hour, according to FCC regulations. The fifteen-minute, half-hour, and hour formats have proved to be commercially workable, particularly for small local advertisers. Again, most TV scheduling is a holdover from the radio cliché of the quarter-hour segment.

The only kind of run-over programing now operating in TV is on the British Broadcasting Company's non-commercial network. However,

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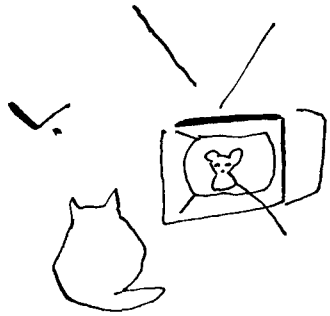
run-over programs, even on the noncommercial BBC, are rare and occur usually when a particularly stimulating panel show comes along or an occasional musical program involves encores. The NBC spokesman continues: "The artist seems to want some sort of time limitation within which to work (in network broadcasting). The author of an hour-long drama may want an hour and a half, but never cries for one hour and seven minutes, or one hour and seventy minutes, and while they have many gripes, this is not one of them. I haven't heard any hue and cry from any citizens' groups, indignant listeners, or any mail. Also, networks feed their affiliates at specific times and the lines have to be open and everybody synchronizes watches. The affiliate stations sell time adjacent to the network's and that's why they (the networks) come in at a prescribed time."

Even on educational TV, the regularity of the programing is quite noticeable, though many viewers welcome the absence of commercials. David Susskind tried the unfettered TV format with some success on his *Open End*. The increasing frequency of sporting events on network TV, not to mention the protracted local sports programs, has already loosened somewhat the stringent habits of the quarter, half, and hour-long format in commercial television.

General TV news coverage (including sports) is of necessity experimenting with the informal schedule. Our recent national conventions went further toward a complete break from the traditional quarter-hour straitjacket than any previous special events, and top golf, basketball, football, baseball, and (this October) Olympic events must now stay on the air until a conclusion. The fans would tear down mid-Manhattan brick by brick if any of the great championship sports events on TV were inconclusively reported, as they once were with astonishing frequency on the networks. The TV viewer who wants to know how something came out—which is the very definition of a special event—won't stand for arbitrary nonsense nowadays. And perhaps the dropping of the predictable schedule straitjacket will grow from this precedent, even if common-sense artistry cannot persuade a cliché-ridden industry. —R.L.T.



Letters to the Communications Editor

On Cigarette Ad Warnings

BOTH RICHARD L. TOBIN'S article [*SR*, July 11] and Joseph Kaselow's [*SR*, Aug. 8] seem to skirt if not cloud the cigarette warning issue. There are hundreds of precedents for warning labels being placed on products by the manufacturer at his own or government request. These include the well-known "Excessive Use May Be Habit-Forming," a specific instance of the usual use of the product being inherently dangerous. (In contrast to the dangers of drinking liniment, inhaling paint fumes, igniting cleaning fluids, and similar irregular product usages.) Every new car carries safety belts as a tacit warning that there is danger present. Now, maybe cigarettes don't cause cancer, and maybe the warnings would not reduce smoking, and maybe the FTC is not the correct agency to force the issue, but let's stop whining about the poor advertiser. It sticks in my T-zone.

JULIUS STERNFELD.
Tarrytown, N. Y.

IN SHARP CONTRAST TO the judicious tone of other articles appearing in your Communications section of August 8, Joseph Kaselow's "Frankenstein in Ad Alley," strikes me as a case of special pleading. In his opinion, the Federal Trade Commission, not unlike villains in the early films the nickelodeons presented, is without redeeming traits. Yet, despite all those alleged excesses, it is admitted that "the last thing the advertising business would want to see is the abolition of the FTC."

Now, rationally considered, if a regulatory body exceeds its authority and shows tyrannical inclinations—the gist of Mr. Kaselow's indictment—why should the enterprises subject to its jurisdiction object if it were to be eliminated? I think it unlikely that those concerned in this matter are sadists. It would appear, then, that they concede certain merits do adhere to the FTC. Moreover, the ones most directly involved probably cherish unspoken hopes. Even if it is their ox that is being gored at the moment, perhaps it will be the other fellow's the next time.

It is axiomatic that any supervisory body, if it pursues its assigned task with thoroughness and zeal, will earn a measure of enmity. Occasionally its initiative will seem excessive but under our American system of checks and balances, extremist tendencies need not cause undue alarm. Within so voluble a group as the advertising profession comprises, it appears especially unlikely that any serious abuse of regulatory power can go unchallenged.

Ought not Mr. Kaselow to be gratified—rather than resentful—when recent rulings by the FTC's chairman promote such lively discussion? He admits the present furor "is bound to bring with it a clarification of the powers of the commission." Would not such a consummation be desirable from virtually everyone's standpoint? True enough, a thunderstorm may not be especially welcome but it does serve to purify the atmosphere.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

I USED TO THINK that all this fuss about cigarettes was rather silly—I mean, I knew when I started smoking that the nasty little things weren't good for me, and I'd thought that most other people would know it, too. Lately, however, I've changed my mind. (Mr. William B. Kriebel's letter—*SR* Aug. 8—had a great deal to do with finally persuading me.) We definitely ought to be fully and clearly warned about the dangerous—or potentially dangerous—effects of our habits, pleasures, and pastimes. Automobiles, for example, kill far more people each year than cigarettes. The Volkswagen people could incorporate this fact into their clever campaign. At the top of each billboard they could print, "This'll kill you!" Also, that silky voice in the sexy television commercials for sporty new American cars should announce at the end: "Even if you don't drive, one of these cars could some day cripple you." Goldwater's campaign advertising certainly ought to give "equal prominence to all conceivable bad effects, no matter how unlikely." There are many, many other things that should be prominently labeled dangerous—public beaches, bathtubs, income tax returns (after all, some of that money goes to make bombs!)—but most pressing of all would seem to be the problem of sex. I think that some governmental committee or agency should insist that every young couple be forcefully warned that their sexual activities could result in begetting children—for everyone knows they are the most potentially dangerous of all things!

RICHARD FULLMER.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pre-print vs. ROP

NOTING THE LETTER from P. W. Stone in the issue of August 8, I hope that you will consider still another viewpoint on the subject. While the basis of the original article and the subsequent correspondence was devoted to the preprinted insert, the remarkably sustained success of conventionally printed newspaper color should not go unreported.

In his letter, writer Stone claimed that use of full-color illustrations in newspapers has been dependent on preprinted pages, since the high-speed presses for the daily press runs weren't suitable for reproducing satisfactory results. (The recent development of SpectaColor carries this technique a step further through the use of web-fed rolls that permit printing the reverse side of advertisements by each newspaper, automatically

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aligned for the required page cut-off. There now are approximately thirty-six newspapers in the nation so equipped.)

The immediate and deserved success of the new preprints for color advertising apparently has, in some quarters, obscured the use of a practical and often more advantageous alternative. That is, simply the printing of color advertisements during the course of the newspaper's edition run, known as run-of-paper (ROP) color.

It happens that full-color ads can be scheduled in more than 500 daily U.S. papers today for full-page insertions. About 300 of these newspapers also accept smaller size space units (usually a minimum of 1,000 lines)—a space-cost advantage not yet feasible with any form of preprinted insert. ROP color ads, generally printed letterpress from specially prepared matrices sent directly to the newspapers, normally can be scheduled for any week and usually with a choice of several days within each week. Furthermore, the typical closing date has been reduced, in a great many papers, to as little as three working days prior to publication. This is an important factor, in keeping with the newspaper's concept of flexibility, that permits a fast follow-up insertion in test markets, for example. Ads likewise can be revised by the advertiser, the plates changed, new mats shipped, and the insertion date set—all in considerably less time than that required for printing, shipping, and scheduling the preprints.

Although the reproduction quality of a coarse-screen ROP illustration would seldom challenge the magazine-like appearance of preprints, there are advertisers who acknowledge the special demands of high-speed letterpress color printing by preparing ads designed to fit the needs of this medium. Process-color photographs, for example, when properly retouched or made to sizes appropriate to the expanse of a newspaper page, can be printed with sufficient detail and color gradation to qualify as eye-stoppers. Sparkling contrasts of color can be handled by the specialized poster techniques created by the agencies for Chevrolet, Ford, Jim Beam, and others.

What, then, has caused many major advertisers to plump so decisively for preprints? An all-important factor exists today as an embarrassing footnote to the ROP color linage story over the years: the lack of the New York City market. It is ironic that in the nation's advertising capital, agencies cannot see local results of their efforts—not a single paper in the city offers full-color insertions.

Is it odd that every other metropolitan market offers one or more newspapers with full-color facilities? Throughout the nation, of some 60,000,000 daily circulation, it is estimated that 4/c printing is available for 85 per cent of this market. With a choice of space units, wide selection of running dates, late closings, and (more often than not) a favorable total cost per thousand—it is understandable why ROP color linage has continued to grow. This, in the face of SpectaColor and the unavailability of New York City for full-color advertising.

R. L. Eastline,
Lake Shore Electrotype Division,
Electrographic Corporation.
Chicago, Ill.

"Permanent" Paper Problems

The article, "New Ways to Permanent Files," by Virginius Dabney [*SR*, May 9], focuses on a problem that is of great importance to those concerned with preserving documents, records, and the writings of mankind. The author is to be commended for an illuminating article that spotlights the recent trends.

However, Mr. Dabney makes several observations that are open to serious question and that seem to incorporate the same mistakes that were made by those who first used the kind of paper, deplored in the article, which has proven to be so costly in terms of waste. Also, Mr. Dabney errs in assuming that the results of the "elaborate scientific experiments" of Mr. Barrow have met with agreement in the scientific community of the paper field or that the experiments performed met the rigors of scientific testing.

The test used by Mr. Barrow, commonly known as the "accelerated aging" test, is based on a series of assumptions that allow him to project the life of a paper to 2,000 years. Many in the scientific and technical fields of paper making cannot agree to its validity. Therefore, to use Mr. Barrow's estimates as valid guidelines to the permanent quality of paper ignores the judgment of a considerable part of this community and misleads the public.

The author does state that "there is an admittedly substantial margin of error in calculating the lasting qualities of these papers," when he refers to papers made to conform to Mr. Barrow's "permanent-durable" category. In this he is correct. And it is here that he compounds his error by recommending papers that he believes have permanence but have not yet been proven. The papers he condemns also offered claims of durability and permanence that were later disproved as time dealt the claims a deathblow. The only paper that has been proven, and on which all agree, is 100 per cent cotton-fiber paper; this the author readily points out in referring to "all-rag papers manufactured 500 or more years ago" that "survive with virtually their original strength and whiteness."

The Cotton Fiber Paper Manufacturers has commissioned a study of the methods for testing permanence and durability of papers at the Institute of Paper Chemistry, which is the leading scientific institution in the paper field. The results of the study will hopefully provide guidelines to which all can agree, and standard tests that can then be used to test all papers.

The *Saturday Review* is to be congratulated for its continuing concern with the quality of papers and I hope that you will take the earliest occasion to bring these comments to your readers.

Peter F. Della Luna,
Chairman, Technical Committee,
Cotton Fiber Paper Manufacturers,
Millers Falls Paper Company.
Millers Falls, Mass.

Broadcasting & Politics

Robert Lewis Shayon's article "The Candidate and the Broadcasters" [*SR*, Aug. 8] is both interesting and alarming. It is interesting because it suggests a level of responsibility for television reporting, but it is alarming in that it suggests peculiar concepts of television reporting and the nature of the medium. I am particularly interested in the following excerpt from the article: "Supering one camera image over another is a technical contrivance; it is not straight reporting. When its message is a loaded emotional symbol—in this case the flag—it becomes an esthetic act, a commentary that focuses subjective values."

Implied within these sentences are the

(*Continued on page 69*)

"I don't know, either. I'm a status-driver, too."

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LAUNCHING THE FIRST NOVEL

By PAUL R. REYNOLDS, *president of the literary agency of that name.*

OF THE 19,057 new books published in 1963, 1,307 were novels first published in hard covers. What are the problems for the novelist, especially the first novelist?

What is the hard-back publisher like? How does he get a large sale? When he fails, what are the causes?

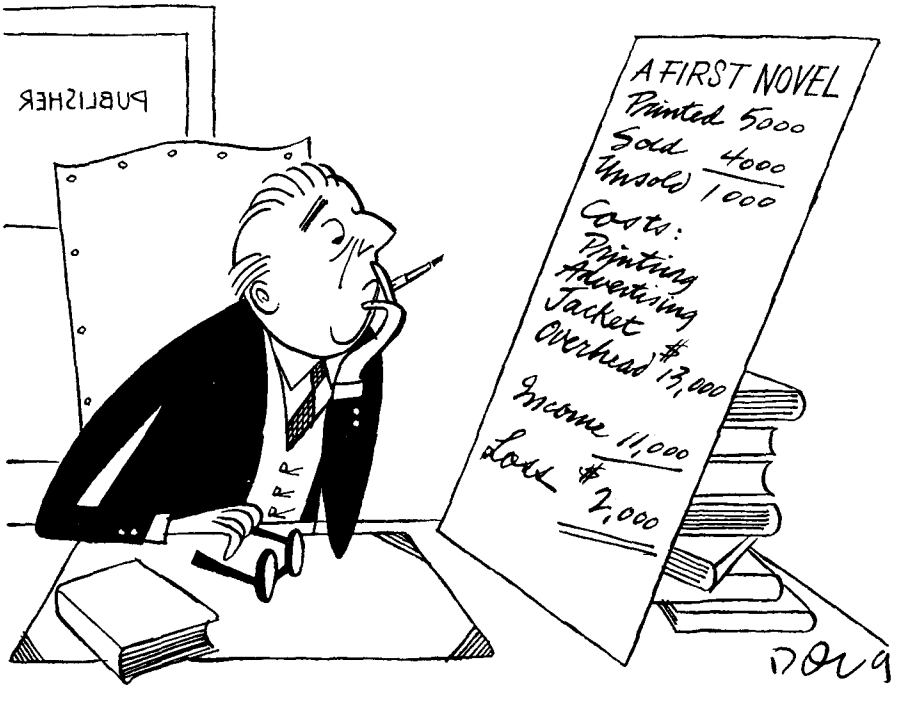
Hard-back publishing is basically simple. A manuscript is read by two or more editors. If such readings are favorable, the right to turn the manuscript into a book is acquired from the author. The manuscript is copy-edited. The size of type and texture of paper is selected; a title page is designed. Arrangements are made, usually with an outside firm, for the printing and binding of a designated number of copies. An artist is hired to make a drawing for the jacket, and jacket copy describing book and author is prepared. A description and blatant puff of the book is composed for insertion in the publisher's catalogue, a pamphlet that describes all the books which the publisher has for sale that season. The publisher lists his book in trade publications such as *Publishers' Weekly, The Latest Books, The Library Journal.* He may take an advertisement in one or more of these. Each of the publisher's salesmen is armed with descriptive material about the book, and one to four months before publication, these salesmen visit one book store after another touting their wares. A month or more before publication the publisher receives bound copies, which are distributed to book stores and book reviewers throughout the country. Come publication day the publisher may advertise the book extensively in the *New York Times* book review and in other periodicals, spending $7,500 to $30,000; or he may take a couple of small advertisements at a cost of $800; or he may not advertise at all.

THE steps outlined above, although numerous and subject to considerable variation, are easy to comprehend and easy to implement. Anyone can become a publisher if he has the capital, and many rich, industrious amateurs have been attracted to the occupation. The most successful publishers are men of great experience who have given their lives to the selection of manuscripts, and the promotion and selling of them in book form.

There has been considerable technological progress in the printing of books, in the selling of books by mail, and in the manufacture and selling in mass quantities of paperback books. The large publishers are renting IBM machines and devising new methods to reduce accounting and other office management costs. However, the methods used to sell books through book stores have not substantially changed during the past fifty years.

The typical hard-back publisher is individualistic and charming. He has a native shrewdness. He overworks and underpays himself and his staff. He operates in a vacuum of ignorance. He does not know to what extent women rather than men buy his wares. He has little idea what age groups or what salary groups are his chief customers. The average publisher will tell you in one breath that reviews do not sell novels. In another breath he will tell you how much time and energy he spends trying to get his books reviewed. Publicity may or may not sell novels; the publisher does not know. The publisher assumes that a book reviewed and publicized in Oklahoma City and not reviewed or mentioned in a city of similar size, perhaps Omaha, Nebraska, will sell better in Oklahoma City; but he has little knowledge of whether "better" is sufficiently "better" to warrant his publicizing the book in Omaha. A publisher may spend no money advertising a novel, or spend thousands of dollars, but either way the decision is based largely on whim. There are conflicting theories galore, but little research on the merits of two or three large advertisements versus many small; on the respective merits of magazines, newspapers, and radio broadcasts as advertising media; and on whether a given publisher's advertising budget is much too large or much too small. There is some evidence that giving away copies of a book promotes its sale. Supposing a publisher gave away 2,000 copies of a first novel? This would be cheaper than buying a full page in the *New York Times* book review section. Would this giving away of 2,000 copies be more effective in promoting the sale than a full-page advertisement? The publisher has, so far as I know, no intelligent basis for an answer to this question.

The hard-back book industry as a whole, and individual trade publishers in particular, do not research. If a publisher is making money he is satisfied. If not, he amalgamates or goes out of



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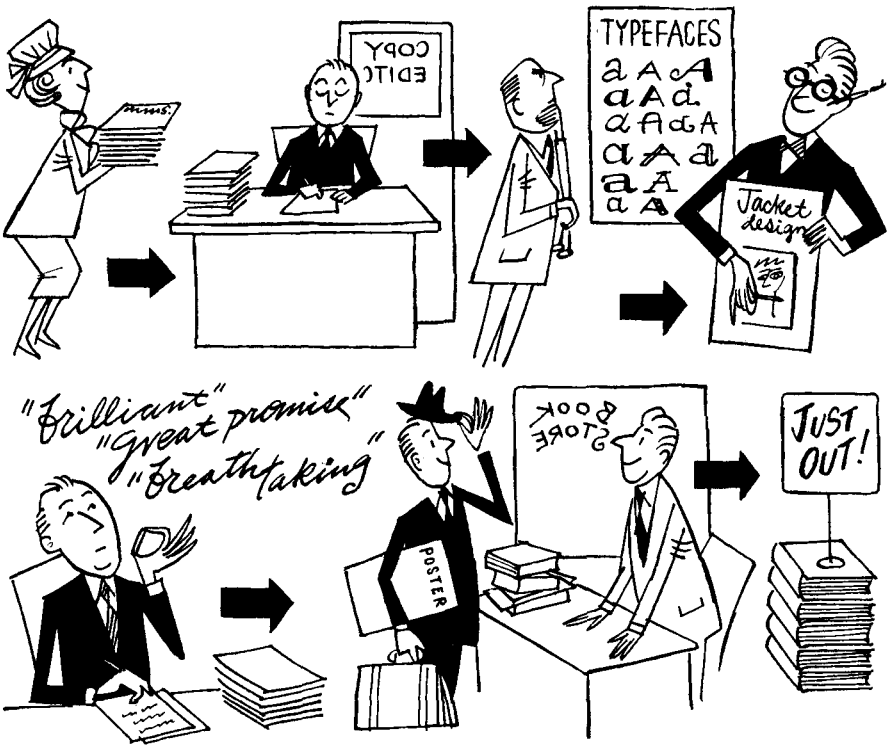
business. No concentrated effort is made to analyze his operation or delve into the underlying factors. The typical old-line trade book publisher claims that there are too many variables in publishing to make research of any value. He claims that publishing is a matter of feel, of know-how, and of acumen developed through experience over a long number of years. Experience and acumen are unquestionably of great value in any publishing enterprise, but other industries have demonstrated that an understanding of the past improves the old-timer's acumen. Why is it that houses like Harper & Row and Random House, with their large trade lists, do not do more market research? Why does a house like Doubleday & Co., with its 600 new titles each year, with its book stores, book clubs, and high-priced paperbacks, not spend $25,000 a year to maintain a small market-research department? The answer is beyond the comprehension of this writer.

Launching a first novel today involves the publisher in an expenditure of from $7,500 to $10,000, occasionally more. Suppose a novel is of such length as to be priced at $5. Suppose the publisher prints 5,000 copies and sells 4,000. The publisher's costs might run as follows:

Jacket	$ 500.
Composition, printing, paper, binding, plates	$5,300.
Royalty (50¢ a copy on 4,000 sold)	$2,000.
Advertising	$2,000.
Total	$9,800.

The above figures are a gross oversimplification, but they give a bird's-eye view. Let us suppose that of these 5,000 copies 400 are given away, sent to book reviewers, and so on. Suppose that 600 are not sold. For the 4,000 copies sold, the publisher receives $11,000. This figure of $11,000 is computed on the basis of a 45 per cent discount. That is to say the public paid $20,000 for the 4,000 copies that they purchased at $5 each. The publisher received from the book stores 55 per cent of this $20,000, or $11,000. Subtracting the cost of $9,800 from $11,000, we get a cash return of $1,200. The publisher has $1,200 to go toward his overhead or profit. He is $1,200 richer than he would have been had he not published this particular book. He also may be on the road to going broke very rapidly. Let us suppose that he publishes 100 books a year. His office rent, salaries of executives, editors, salesmen, and clerks, and the traveling expenses of salesmen plus all the other myriad office expenses equal a total of $400,000 a year, a modest figure in these times. In order for him to break even his 100 books must average a cash return of $4,000. If the average cash return is only $1,200, according to the example above, the publisher would lose $280,000 annually.



The publisher of a first novel, as above, may make a paperback sale that will sweeten the above figures. However, there usually is only a small amount of money involved; in the case of a first novel maybe no more than $2,000, half of which the publisher retains. The publisher may also get a pittance, maybe 30¢ a copy for the 600 copies the book stores did not take or could not sell. This would give the publisher $180 more than estimated above.

It is clear, then, that there is little money from the publishing of first novels when the novels have only modest sales. A sale of 4,000 copies of a first novel is probably better than average. If only 2,000 copies of a first novel are sold, the publisher may have a $2,000 or $3,000 cost loss.

Why does a publisher publish a first novel? In the first place he hopes for a best-seller. A first novel by Richard Kim, *The Martyred*, which was on the *New York Times*'s best-seller list for sixteen weeks, sold more than 40,000 copies. This book probably made the publisher, George Braziller, a $35,000 cash return. However, there are, at the most, only three or four first novels in any one year that sell like *The Martyred*.

Another reason for publishing a first novel is that the publisher may thus sign up an author whose later books will be valuable. William Morrow & Co. published a first novel by Morris West, *The Crooked Road*, sold 2,076 copies to book stores, and had a cash loss of around $2,500. But Morrow continued to publish West, and obtained from him the enormous best-seller, *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, which made them a profit of over $200,000. Of course, an enormous best-selling author like West comes along only occasionally. Moreover, many an author who is ultimately successful does not stay with the publisher who published his first novel.

There is a third reason for publishing a first novel. A publisher to remain in business must publish books, and he may find it difficult or impossible to get from established authors enough books likely to show a publishing profit. Let us suppose that a publisher is geared to publish 100 books a year. His salesmen, his editors and copyreaders, and those on his payroll who arrange for manufacturing and distribution can handle 100 titles. Let us suppose he can get only eighty books by established authors. His overhead remains approximately the same whether he publishes eighty titles or 100. If he can obtain twenty more books that in the aggregate will earn something toward his overhead, he is better off even if the books are unsuccessful. It is often for this reason that a publisher takes a chance on a first novel.

IF the successful books make too much money for the publisher and the unsuccessful must be published, it follows that publisher's lists will be filled with marginal books, books of little scholarly or

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esthetic value, books of slight popular appeal, books that people do not want to read. Bad books do not, like bad coins, drive out the good ones, but disliked books hurt the industry. It is quite possible that if 20 per cent of the books published today were not published, people would read more books in the aggregate. A woman who reads a novel she does not like is less inclined to buy and read another novel.

What can a publisher's editor do to promote a first novel? There are two things he can do in co-operation with the author. One is to suggest revision that may improve the manuscript. However, many editors are too busy, too overwhelmed with interviews, conferences, correspondence, innumerable telephone calls, to find time for editorial suggestions. Editors in recent years have, in fact, been doing less reading and less editing.

ANOTHER thing the editor can do to help the novel is to search for a good selling title, and try to persuade the author to adopt it. A good book title is, simply, one that is easy to remember, and that expresses the emotion or theme of the novel.

Another function that a publisher's editor can perform well or badly is to arrange for an attractive book-jacket. Even in the case of a novel by a well-known author, the publisher usually gives considerable attention to the jacket. With a first novel many a busy editor accepts what the artist first suggests, with a result that may be appalling.

Once the manuscript is ready for the printer, with the title agreed upon and the jacket prepared, the essential work of the editor is completed. The routine steps necessary for all books, such as arrangements for manufacture, sending copies to book reviewers, and soliciting orders from book stores, are done by others. Come six weeks before publication, there is a long list of things that the editor usually tries to do for the book.

AN editor may make the sales force enthusiastic, get a large number of copies into book stores, write letters to book stores and to newspaper editors, and broadcast pamphlets and postal cards about the book or even printed pages of the first chapter. He may give away many copies of the book and solicit quotes from well-known people. He may persuade the publishing house to spend a large amount of money on advertising.

The foregoing ploys, together with countless other promotional gimmicks, are known as "beating the drum"; their purpose being to make the book sell.

This raises the question, what makes a book sell? It would be the almost unanimous opinion of the publishing world that the biggest factor in the success of a novel is word-of-mouth recommendation. It is Mrs. Snooks saying to Mrs. Jones, "Have you read *The Shoes of the Fisherman?*" Assuming that readers will recommend a book, the publisher must find enough readers around the time of publication to get the "word of mouth" underway. This is the reason for these ten steps, the reason for beating the drum.

Sometimes the publisher does nothing more than distribute a novel to book-stores and to book reviewers, and it still catches on and sells. This is rare, but it happens often enough so that publishers print and distribute and do little else over and over again. Perhaps three out of five first novels are published with little beating of the drum, and perhaps one out of ten of these has an adequate or substantial sale. When the drum is beaten vigorously it would be a good guess to say that two out of three first novels will have an adequate sale, and perhaps one out of twenty-five will become a best-seller.

Publishers consistently promote novels by name writers; why not more effort in behalf of the first novel? To begin with, first novels are usually assigned to a minor editor, one who has not the position or authority to beat the drum except in a most feeble manner.

Then, too, no one individual can do a promotion job effectively more than once a year with a first novel; and no publishing house can do it more than two or three times a year. Salesmen can be excited over only two or three books by unknown authors in any one year, and they will lose their persuasiveness with book stores if they praise too often. Beating the drum is like crying wolf; it can only be done occasionally in behalf of the unknown.

FINALLY, publishers often accept bad novels that will never obtain word-of-mouth recommendation; in such cases, beating the drum is useless. A manuscript may be contracted for on the recommendation of a best-selling author whom the publisher wishes to please. Or a publisher may publish a novel in hard-back because he thinks he can sell it for a good sum in paperback, and thinks his 50 per cent share of the reprint profits will show him a healthy return on a bad book. Sometimes he takes a particular book simply because he needs more titles. Or the publisher may just make a mistake.

Is there anything that the author of a first novel can do to increase the chances that the drum will be beaten in his case? The answer, alas, is no. Fortunately, good books ultimately attract attention; but luck, luck in getting the drum beaten, is an important factor. With the second and third published novel, luck becomes less important. An author who writes and publishes half a dozen good novels will succeed regardless of luck, regardless of whether he finds a publisher who will beat the drum.

"Ah, Mellors my gardener!"

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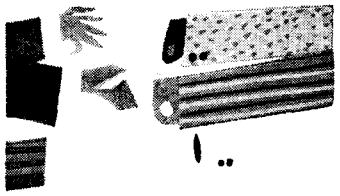
Public Relations



The Case that Cleared the Way

THIS is the twelfth anniversary of the court case that made life easier for the university and college fund-raisers. The development heads, as they are often more delicately called, can thank their lucky stars for the key case that went before the Supreme Court of New Jersey in its September, 1952, term.

The court decision of June 25, 1953, opened the way for unrestricted gifts to colleges and universities, ending the doubts of corporate directors as to the legality of giving stockholders' money to aid higher education. Company counsel's worries that unrestricted corporate gifts to education might make assenting directors liable to court action by stockholders were thus removed.

The case was clear, the facts simple. The A. P. Smith Manufacturing Company of New Jersey, with some 300 employees, makes valves, fire hydrants, and special equipment. It had made an unrestricted gift of $1,500 to Princeton University. Stockholders sued the Smith Company. The Chancery Division of the Superior Court of New Jersey upheld the legality of the gift, and the highest court of the state, the Supreme Court of New Jersey, unanimously affirmed the ruling. And the Supreme Court of the United States, in October, 1953, declined to hear an appeal because of lack of a substantial federal aspect.

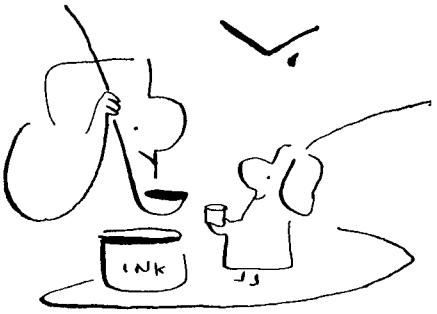
During the case, so important for corporations as well as college presidents and the general public, two outstanding business leaders gave testimony: Frank W. Abrams, then chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), and Irving S. Olds, at that time former chairman of United States Steel Corporation.

Looking back, we find that Mr. Abrams said corporations are expected to acknowledge their public responsibilities in support of essential elements of our free enterprise system. He went on to say it was not "good business" to disappoint "this reasonable and justified public expectation," nor was it good business for corporations "to take substantial benefits from their membership in the economic community while avoiding the normally accepted obligations of citizenship in the social community."

Mr. Olds pointed out that corporations have a self-interest in the maintenance of liberal education as the bulwark of good government. He said, in his testimony: "Capitalism and free enterprise owe their survival in no small degree to the existence of our private, independent universities"; he added that if American business does not aid in their maintenance, it is not "properly protecting the long-range interest of its stockholders, its employees, and its customers."

But the judgment of Justice Jacobs, who delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, was most significant. He wrote: "There is now widespread belief throughout the nation that free and vigorous nongovernmental institutions of learning are vital to our democracy and the system of free enterprise and that withdrawal of corporate authority to make such contributions within reasonable limits would seriously threaten their continuance. Corporations have come to recognize this and with their enlightenment have sought in varying measures, as has the plaintiff by its contribution, to ensure and strengthen the society that gives them existence and the means of aiding themselves and their fellow citizens. Clearly then, the appellants as individual stockholders whose private interests rest entirely upon the well-being of the plaintiff corporation, ought not to be permitted to close their eyes to present-day realities and thwart the long-visioned corporate action in recognizing and voluntarily discharging its high obligations as a constituent of our modern social structure." How, then, have corporations responded to the Smith case decision? Complete figures for corporate gifts to all education are not available, but there are figures for aid to higher education that are impressive.

The Council for Financial Aid to Education, incorporated in 1953 as a nonprofit membership corporation with founding directors like Messrs. Abrams, Olds, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., does a first-rate job, as an unofficial arm of business, in stimulating gifts to higher education. On April 21, 1964, it issued its latest set of statistics. These show that voluntary support for all of American higher education during 1962-63 was $1,139,203,000. Of this amount, business-industrial contributions received by colleges, plus funds paid directly to students for scholarships and fellowships, totaled (for the same period) between $200 million and $225 million. Between this period and the 1954-55 period, business concerns increased their contributions to higher education by 272 per cent. According to reports from senior colleges only, 71.1 per cent of corporate support went to privately controlled colleges and universities and 28.9 per cent went to publicly controlled institutions.



With the vast sums spent for all education in this country, the business support does not seem overwhelming. But when it is put into its proper context of voluntary support, it is pretty substantial. Of voluntary support in 1962-63, 24.2 per cent came from alumni; 23.4 per cent from general-welfare foundations; 21.6 per cent from persons who were not alumni; and 16.1 per cent from business corporations. And from all signs, business giving to education will increase as more corporations decide to move into this sector.

AT present many companies are doing an outstanding job, not alone in dollar contributions, but in the creative way in which they spend their money. It is easy to give away money. It is hard to give it to attain the most beneficial, long-term results, as those who try to do so know too well.

Among the top corporations in fruitful aid to education are General Motors, United States Steel Corporation, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, General Electric Company, Shell Oil Company, Sears, Roebuck and Company, American Cyanamid Company, International Business Machines Corporation, Procter and Gamble Company, Ford Motor Company, and Eastman Kodak Company.

According to the American Alumni Council's report, *Annual Giving and Alumni Support*, 1962-63, released in June: "The best available projections indicate that education will need $2 billion annually in gift support from all sources by 1970. The American Alumni Council has set a goal of $500 million in alumni support by 1970."

When business projections for 1970 state that corporations will be contributing half a billion dollars to education, the significance of the Smith case shows in its full dimension.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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THE BUSINESSMAN AND HIS CRITICS

By DAVID FINN, *Chairman of the Board of the public relations firm of Ruder & Finn. This article is from a forthcoming book to be published by Simon & Schuster.*

ON DECEMBER 4, 1963, police reported that a fourteen-year-old boy had fallen to his death from a Brooklyn rooftop after allegedly becoming intoxicated from sniffing a tube of plastic cement developed for use with hobby products. Unfortunately, he was not the first to lose his life from this bizarre perversion. For years delinquents had been sniffing a variety of household products that contained fast-drying organic solvents which could produce a state of intoxication, and a number of fatalities had been reported in different parts of the country. Among the products that had been used in the past were paint removers, nail polish, lacquer-thinners, and marking pencils. Then plastic cement, produced for the hobby market, became so popular that the phrase "glue sniffing" was coined to describe the practice. With the death in New York, the City Board of Health amended its Health Code and prohibited the sale of plastic cement to anyone under the age of eighteen who was not a member of a bona fide hobby club, or who did not simultaneously buy a hobby product.

A special committee of the Hobby Industry Association of America had been working for a year and a half with health officials and state legislators in California, where the same problem had arisen earlier. This committee had taken the position that any harm done through the misuse of a hobby product was of grave concern to the association, particularly since its members prided themselves on the health-giving aspects of their business. As a result, the committee had acted as a clearing house for authoritative medical studies on this aspect of delinquency, as well as for responsible legal opinion about how the problem could most effectively be dealt with. The association had even produced a film that showed how one community in Orange County, California, had used its resources to eliminate its own glue-sniffing problem, and the film had been shown to community leaders in many other cities, including New York, which needed guidance on what course of action to follow.

This was a sober and constructive position to take. However, during this period of tension for the hobby industry, many members of the association felt affronted by items that appeared in the press about new incidents of glue sniffing, particularly when unkind references were made about the product associated with the trouble. As businessmen, they were worried about both their self-respect and their sales. They wanted somehow to fight back, to defend their honor and to prove that their product was harmless unless it was abused in the extreme. It was only because the level heads among them prevailed that restraint was practiced and that no public controversy erupted between the industry and its potential critics. This was fortunate for everybody concerned, for there was no doubt that a social problem existed that was bigger than either the marketing problems or the pride of the hobby industry, and that cooperation rather than debate was needed to help solve it.

SUCH restraint, however, is rare in the contemporary business community. Most executives do not have the courage or the resources to come to grips frankly with the social problems generated by their business. This deficiency leads them to condemn public attacks as irresponsible and prevents them from accepting criticism as a legitimate function of industrial society.

It is true that self-appointed spokesmen for the public interest are often unjustified in their attacks on industry as well as on other public enterprises. Mob sentiment is as irrational today as it was in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*. And the character assassinations by Senator Joseph McCarthy showed what havoc can be created in the lives of innocent people by unconscionable public accusations. But being victimized by inflammatory attacks is different from being criticized by qualified individuals whose opinion that a corporation is responsible for serious social problems, is shared by many thoughtful members of the community.

Only the most superficial kind of public relations thinking—and, alas, Ruder & Finn has been as guilty of this as anyone else—leads businessmen and their counselors to think primarily of protecting the corporation's thin skin when faced with legitimate public concern that ought to be respected and evaluated rather than combated. It is a fault that needs to be corrected.

Take, for example, the response of many executives in the funeral industry to Jessica Mitford's book *The American Way of Death*. Displeasure at the alleged high costs of funeral service had been smoldering for years among the clergy of all faiths, and a number of articles had been published on the subject. In 1962, the National Selected Morticians reported that it was conducting a public information program entitled "The Dignity of Man." Its purpose was to point out that the funeral service is a tradition that dates back many thousands of years; that it is a religious rite which not only pays respect to the dead, but also performs the therapeutic function of returning the survivors to normal living. The program was also aimed at making clear that reputable funeral firms welcome inquiries as to costs and "want the public to know" exactly how they operate.

When Miss Mitford's book was published the following year, many businessmen in the industry thought it was just another in a long line of nuisance stories that would hardly be noticed by the public. To their amazement, however, practically every major publication featured articles about the point of view she expressed, which was both well documented and, in the words of one reporter, "savagely witty." Quickly rising on the best-seller lists, her diatribe was accepted widely as an effective exposé of the commercialization, the unnecessary extravagance, and the maudlin deception of the modern funeral. Despite their earlier efforts to formulate a public information program, the National Selected Morticians acted as if it had been caught flatfooted. The managing director angrily accused the wayward author of

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trying to replace the American funeral service "with that practiced in Communistic countries such as the Soviet Union." The educational director asked, "Is the author a practicing member of any church?" and, presuming the answer, condemned her as "a master at the false innuendo." A representative of another organization, The New York State Funeral Directors Association, missing the point of her criticism, commented that, "Life would be pretty drab without ritual. . . . I won't say her thinking is abnormal—it's unique. She just doesn't believe in ceremony." And the president of one of the large companies in the business said bluntly, "The dames that write these books—they don't want to hear anything good . . . if you kill sentiment, you're a dead pigeon. The world runs on sentiment."

Such a crude defense of an industry's practices does little credit to the defenders. Too many of them knew she was wrong before they read her book, and the chances are many of them haven't read it yet. All they want to do is stamp it out so nobody else will read it either, and the ugly questions she raised can be brushed aside as if they had never been thought of.

Even articulate statements in their defense—and some businessmen are capable of stating their case with finesse—often reveal too great a concern about the welfare of the corporation and too little about the welfare of the public. The serious critic does his homework carefully and makes a thorough analysis of the issues as they affect all mankind. His conclusions may be mistaken but the effort is a noble one and should be applauded. The businessman interprets the issues in such a way as to highlight his company's contribution to the community. His conclusions may be valid but if in the course of his argument he belittles widespread fears about the possible harm his company may be doing to the community, he betrays a self-righteousness that all citizens have a right to distrust.

The contrast between an analytic critic and a derisive business defender was particularly apparent in one phase of the case of Rachel Carson vs. the chemical industry. Miss Carson had worked for four and a half years on her book, *Silent Spring*, which warned the public that the "indiscriminate use" of insecticides was laying down such a barrage of poisons on the surface of the earth that one day it might become unfit for all life. Legislative bodies ranging from New England town meetings to the Congress joined in the discussion. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas declared, "We need a Bill of Rights against the twentieth-century poisoners of the human race." The *New York Times*, in an editorial, suggested that Miss Carson deserved the Nobel Prize

Peckham's Christmas ROUNDUP

One of the busiest hands on The Denver Post spread is Book Editor Stan Peckham. Every year about this time, Stan and his boys go to work rounding up the prize stock of juveniles for the Christmas market. Buyers in the Rocky Mountain Empire will see what's in the sales ring in The Post's special children's book section.

Stan's brand of approval breeds interest in children's books for Christmas giving. If you have a juvenile ready to market, why not post a notice in the November first Denver Post's Roundup Magazine?

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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for her great public service in arousing the public. Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, chairman of President Kennedy's Science Advisory Committee, said in an official report on the subject that the uncontrolled use of poisonous chemicals, including pesticides, was "potentially a much greater hazard" than radioactive fallout.

Businessmen in the chemical industry had been concerned about this problem for years, and had expended considerable energy and money on research and informational programs to minimize the dangers involved in insecticides, especially those that resulted from failure to read labels. But when Miss Carson's book made the problem a public issue, many executives felt they were being pilloried. Incensed by what appeared to them as half-truths, they wouldn't recognize that many of the points that had been made were legitimate. Furthermore, they grossly exaggerated the possible danger to their business. Echoing their sentiment, *PR News* asked, "What could be done in the face of fast-developing ill will to defend the $300,000,000 pesticide business from possible ruin?" The Monsanto Company, one of the nation's largest chemical concerns, worked swiftly to combat the attack and gave what *PR News* thought was a "brilliant performance." Parody was the basis of their program. They published a document, *The Desolate Year*, which began, "Life-slowing winter lay on the land that New Year's Day, the day that Nature was left to seek her own balance." It then told how pests by the trillions multiplied, destroying crops and cattle, poultry and fish, causing famine, ruining homes and clothing, spreading diseases and bringing death and agony to America. Thousands of copies of Monsanto's grim warning were sent in the form of galleys (to give "an effect of immediacy," according to *PR News*), to book reviewers, syndicated science and gardening writers, editors of Sunday, farm, and science papers, trade publications in eleven big industries, national magazines, and large numbers of radio-TV editors. The results were impressive from a public-relations point of view. Monsanto's piece was quoted extensively and at least one major book reviewer was led to the conclusion that Miss Carson had stated her case too one-sidedly and that the industry's position should be given a hearing.

But Miss Carson insisted she had not questioned the need for insecticides. "We must have insect control," she said, commenting on the Monsanto piece. "I do not favor turning nature over to insects. I favor the sparing, selective, and intelligent use of chemicals. It is the indiscriminate blanket spraying that I oppose."

Two years later, in the same month that Miss Carson herself tragically fell victim to cancer, an incident occurred that dramatized the point she had been trying to make. The Public Health Service announced that the periodic huge-scale deaths of fish on the lower Mississippi River had been traced over the previous four years to toxic ingredients in three kinds of pesticides used in the neighboring farm lands. Although subsequently some questions arose about the validity of this finding, the Chemical Industry and government officials are now co-operating to develop improved methods of analysis and control that, will, they hope, give the public maximum protection in the future. This is a more positive result than seemed to have been anticipated by those who wrote *The Desolate Year*. If effective, such cooperative efforts can demonstrate the value of healthy criticism and can be a fine tribute to the conscientious author of *Silent Spring*, who, after all, did her best to be constructive rather than malicious.

No one doubts that the businessman knows more about his business than the critic does. Also, attacks in the press tend to be sensational in order to get readership, or at least to please editors and publishers who believe that's the way to sell their publications. Inaccuracy and innuendo are therefore all too common in public statements that the businessman reads about himself.

A man who knows how to respond to criticism constructively, however, distinguishes between responsible and irresponsible judgments; and he learns to respect the former for the new insights it gives him, while dismissing the latter as irrelevant. Too few top executives in the modern corporation have learned this art. Too many are oversensitive about all public criticism of their behavior and find it difficult to admit that any negative comments about their products or policies might be valid.

Teachers of philosophy have used many devices in their classes to instill skepticism in the minds of their students. One professor used to dangle a blackboard eraser from the end of a string, as one means of dramatizing his belief that the only historical certainty is the swing of the pendulum. Alfred Korzybski used to train young children

to be healthy doubters by making them sit on wooden chairs that would unexpectedly collapse because he had secretly sawed through one of the legs. Businessmen find it difficult to keep these lessons in mind when problems arise that they think might affect the sale of their products or the return on their stockholders' investment.

The problem of maintaining philosophical dispassion is particularly difficult when the issues are complex, and nowhere are they more complex than in the tobacco industry. The record of the medical aspect of cigarette smoking is probably the most voluminous of any literature in the history of commerce, and though many attempts have been made to summarize and evaluate the different points of view, public opinion is generally uninformed. Any layman who has a fixed belief on the subject can be sure that the question is far less black-and-white than he imagines. Even the exhaustive efforts on the part of government-appointed bodies in different countries to arrive at balanced conclusions have failed to resolve the differences between leading scientists. Too many rash critics are unaware of the extent of these differences, and unaware that the tobacco industry has made unprecedented expenditures for scientific research, in a monumental effort to find out if there is any ingredient in cigarettes that causes disease, so that if there is it might be removed or counteracted. In line with this approach, top executives of the tobacco companies have read more scientific reports on their subject than many medical specialists have on theirs, and a determined effort has been made to base major business decisions on the most reliable information available.

Yet criticism involves the interpretation as well as the validation of information. For an executive of a tobacco company to satisfy himself that he is being genuinely responsive to criticism, he must not only keep up with the literature, but openly accept the possibility that the propositions which he endorses may be wrong. If, for instance, he is heartened by the fact that some of the most eminent authorities in the world are skeptical about the significance of the statistics produced so far, he should still have enough of an open mind to acknowledge that those who maintain that the statistics do show a relationship between cigarettes and disease may be right. If executives cannot permit themselves or their associates to entertain healthy doubts about the theoretical positions their companies have adopted, they are failing to achieve the spirit of free scientific inquiry to which they are trying so hard to commit themselves. For it is only through a willingness to be self-critical about one's own bias that justice can be done to findings that might possibly un-

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TWELFTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO HONG KONG**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1965, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1964.

SR's 1963 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Robert Ishikawa, Peace Corps volunteer in northern India, 1963 winner of the grand prize for color. Mr. Ishikawa won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture taken in Ajanta-Ellora, India.

Rosalind Joseph, of New York, the 1963 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mrs. Joseph's photograph, taken in St. Malo, France, won her a round-trip flight to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1963, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. *Color photographs*

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1964, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1965. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1588

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dull; stupid (comp.).	79 33 142 171 64 4 102 148 116
B. The threads enclosing a network.	113 71 125 195 184 153
C. See WORD T (3 wds.).	210 99 182 65 138 130 192 141 6 151 105
D. Impetuosity.	74 61 89 127 84 24 15 169
E. Inversely thickening near one end.	155 177 199 212 118 28 162 106 54
F. Sped (toward or away from); colloq., cursed.	81 11 51 16 143 37
G. Exasperated because of unworthy or unjust treatment.	204 156 30 117 58 77 108 44 14
H. Relatives on one's mother's side.	5 13 187 163 207 190
I. Strengthened, by increasing the normal content of one ingredient (colloq. but most frequent use of the word).	36 104 168 18 152 211 75
J. Prefaced by *Miss*, the Yankee old maid member of the family in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, who worried about Topsy.	48 150 183 38 25 12 73
K. Softening clay by moistening and working it.	94 121 100 157 186 50 72 29
L. Precious stone used in gem cutting, etc.; strictly, corundum.	200 101 140 47 133 10
M. Irritated.	21 43 52 189 205 27 135
N. Amer. illustrator best known for his portrayal of Negroes (1861-1933).	203 137 120 23 1 40
O. One of the more volatile varieties of petroleum.	202 124 91 53 31 161 131
P. The old hymn admonishes us to let this word be our WORD Q.	55 122 86 172 129 42
Q. See WORD P.	136 110 98 45 145 123 176 56 7
R. Jolly little thing, to the British service man who likes to sing.	63 59 149 191 46 158 188 80
S. From do to mi, in tonic sol-fa (2 wds.)	134 178 87 78 166 160 119 146 144 208
T. Followed by WORD C, a favorite pirate's refrain (3 wds. and comp.).	181 114 92 67 97 20 165 60 159 8
U. Describing the condition which leaves us to deduce that it's half dry (2 wds.).	107 112 62 164 194 185 34
V. How one often wakes from a nightmare (2 wds.).	57 83 68 175 201 22 103 3
W. Committed for transportation.	93 70 26 174 39 198 111
X. Scores.	109 167 66 41 139 154 196 173
Y. Supplication; protestation; adjuration.	85 179 170 76 147 193 2 69 95 88 115
Z. Pertaining to a formation in the Lower Carboniferous Grand Canyon region.	197 90 132 126 209 180 206
Z¹. For a short time from now (2 wds.).	9 128 96 17 49 32 35 19 82

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 N	2 Y	3 V	4 A	5 H	6 C	–	7 Q	8 T	9 Z¹		10 L
11 F	12 J	13 H	14 G	15 D		16 F	17 Z¹	18 I		19 Z¹	20 T	21 M	22 V		23 N	24 D	25 J
26 W	27 M	28 E	29 K	30 G		31 O	32 Z¹	33 A	34 U		35 Z¹	36 I	37 F	38 J	39 W	40 N	41 X
42 P	43 M	44 G	45 Q	46 R		47 L	48 J		49 Z¹	50 K	51 F		52 M	53 O	54 E		55 P
56 Q	57 V	58 G	59 R	60 T	61 D	62 U		63 R	64 A	65 C	66 X		67 T	68 V		69 Y	70 W
71 B		72 K	73 J	74 D	75 I	76 Y	77 G		78 S	79 A		80 R	81 F	82 Z¹	83 V		84 D
85 Y	86 P		87 S	88 Y	89 D	90 Z	91 O	92 T		93 W	94 K	95 Y	96 Z¹	97 T		98 Q	99 C
100 K	101 L		102 A	103 V	104 I	105 C		106 E	107 U	108 G	109 X		110 Q	111 W	112 U	113 B	–
114 T	115 Y	116 A	117 G	–	118 E	119 S	120 N	121 K	122 P		123 Q	124 O	125 B		126 Z	127 D	128 Z¹
129 P	130 C		131 O	132 Z	133 L	134 S		135 M	136 Q	137 N	138 C	139 X		140 L	141 C	142 A	143 F
144 S		145 Q	146 S	147 Y		148 A	149 R	150 J	151 C	152 I	153 B	154 X	155 E	156 G		157 K	158 R
159 T		160 S	161 O	162 E	163 H		164 U	165 T	166 S		167 X	168 I	169 D	170 Y		171 A	172 P
173 X		174 W	175 V	176 Q	177 E	178 S	179 Y	180 Z	181 T		182 C	183 J	184 B		185 U	186 K	187 H
188 R	189 M		190 H	191 R	192 C	193 Y		194 U	195 B	196 X	197 Z	198 W		199 E	200 L	201 V	202 O
	203 N	204 G	205 M	206 Z	207 H	208 S		209 Z	210 C	211 I	212 E						

Solution to last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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dermine one's premise, yet advance the state of general, public knowledge.

The scarcity of public statements by businessmen who accept the possibility that they may be wrong on issues raised by their critics has encouraged the belief that management sees only those facts it wants to see. Anxious, confused, and often embittered citizens resent these absolutist tendencies and wish that executives would show less determination to publicize their virtues and more willingness to correct their faults.

For instance, when television was depicted as "degrading public taste and culture with an unrelieved onslaught of gunslingers and horses and private eyes," a top executive in the industry protested that critics were ignoring "the enormous commitment television is making to news and informational programing." Why not, instead, face up to the responsibility of meeting a fundamental challenge of the television medium—how to develop entertainment programs that will enrich the lives of the viewers and still be commercially successful?

When critics depicted newspapers as "sales catalogues, with 70 per cent of their content as paid advertising," a prominent publisher called for an industry-wide counterattack through a public relations program that would "end the era of silence and clear away the fog about the functions of the medium." Why not, instead, explore means of improving editorial content, which, as everybody knows, is at a pathetically low ebb in this country?

When the real estate industry was accused of "creating a boom through irresponsible inflation of real estate prices and through various gimmicks," an outspoken defender of his business said the accusation was "insulting," that there were no "gimmicks," only tax shelters that were "justifiable and logical." He added that present-day realtors were performing a much-needed function by making up "for the under-building of the nineteen-thirties and the war years." Why not, instead, embark on a search for human values that can be created through new environments, and give real estate developers something more than the promise of personal wealth to work for?

When a member of Congress attacked the automobile industry's "fondness for racing at the expense of safety," as "hardly in the public interest," a reporter who echoed the point of view of many businessmen in the industry sarcastically suggested that "one of these days, Congress is going to see a bill, introduced by some well-meaning bubblehead, outlawing use by housewives of anything but foam-rubber paring knives." Why not, instead of ridicule, offer a somber tribute to the thousands of automobile passengers who lose their lives each year by speeding on the highways, and call for an industry-sponsored program emphasizing the wisdom and safety of driving at low speeds?

The tobacco industry recently gave a grant of $10,000,000 to the American Medical Association for any research the latter wanted to support, without restrictions, on the relationship of smoking to disease. This was dramatic evidence that the cigarette companies were not interested in one-sided claims about that hotly debated subject. The AMA will look for all kinds of facts; and use the tobacco industry's money to find them. This has rightly been acclaimed as one of the most outstanding examples of social responsibility in American industry.

IN the funeral industry, a Fresno, California executive, C. Harry Palm, demonstrated his ability to listen to criticism: he wrote a letter to *The American Funeral Director*, asking why his fellow businessmen wouldn't "admit that most of our poor 'public relations' are the result of our own practices or actions? Instead of always being on the defensive against public opinion," he continued, "let's listen to their complaints and adjust our thinking accordingly." In this, he demonstrated that even when many of the representatives of an industry take the wrong approach, a few men with greater vision are willing to say their piece. (Characteristically, the editor replied that "the overwhelming majority of funeral directors serve the public with dignity and compassion, and in a highly ethical manner." This is the typical it's-only-the-crooks-who-are-to-blame attitude.)

And in the television industry, Frank Stanton, president of CBS, made a ringing statement in which he pointed up the social consequences of poor performance, not only by the TV industry, but by the nation as a whole, which, he said, too often shows arrogance in its relations with other countries. He refused to consider the idea of self-censorship in his network's news coverage in order to improve the *image* of the U.S. "CBS will never be a party," he said, "to a policy of concealment that directs us to hide from the rest of the world our imperfections."

The maturity displayed by the hobby industry, the tobacco industry, Mr. Palm, and Mr. Stanton make it clear that businessmen can be responsive to the values of legitimate criticism and sensitive to any harm their products may bring to society. This is an essential step if corporate executives are to find a way to relate the interests of their corporations to broad social needs and to problems that have nothing to do with profit. It involves a capacity for self-restraint and self-criticism; but it can lead to positive points of view about how a corporation can make a worthy contribution to society through responsible conduct of its business.

"It's called the Lotus Blossom position, darling—now will you please run out on the porch and scream for help!"

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The Baffling Black-and-White

By MARGARET R. WEISS

WHEN the tenth-anniversary edition of *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* reaches the bookstores next month, fans of the wizard of oddities will find an unexpected dividend displayed on the front cover. It is a picture that qualifies as a believe-it-or-not item in its own right.

Choosing this appropriate cover photo was neither a quick nor easy task for Pocket Books art director Sol Immerman. To help ferret out a picture that would exemplify the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction character of Ripleyana, he sought the cooperation of Victor Keppler, veteran photographer and director of the Famous Photographers School. Together they evolved plans for a cover contest, which set in motion a nationwide image-hunt.

Examining thousands of entries, the judges (Immerman and Keppler, along with Arthur d'Arazien, Alfred Eisenstaedt, and Philippe Halsman) were unanimous in their selection of the top prizewinner: a multi-image photo submitted by Charles L. Trainor, Jr., a staff cameraman for the *Miami News*.

The panel was sure of its choice—but not at all sure of exactly how Mr. Trainor's unusual effect was accomplished. One by one, possible explanations were proposed and rejected: "It looks like something I saw out at the World's Fair in Seattle—something done with little mirrors.... No, that couldn't be the technique here because there's no reflection of the photographer in any of the images." "Well, maybe it was a waffle lens—and then by projection . . ." "He might have pegged a whole batch of individual prints, arranged a wire framework around them, and shot a new negative of the composite. . . ." "No—if you look closely, there's an almost imperceptible variation in the upper part of each frame. . . ."

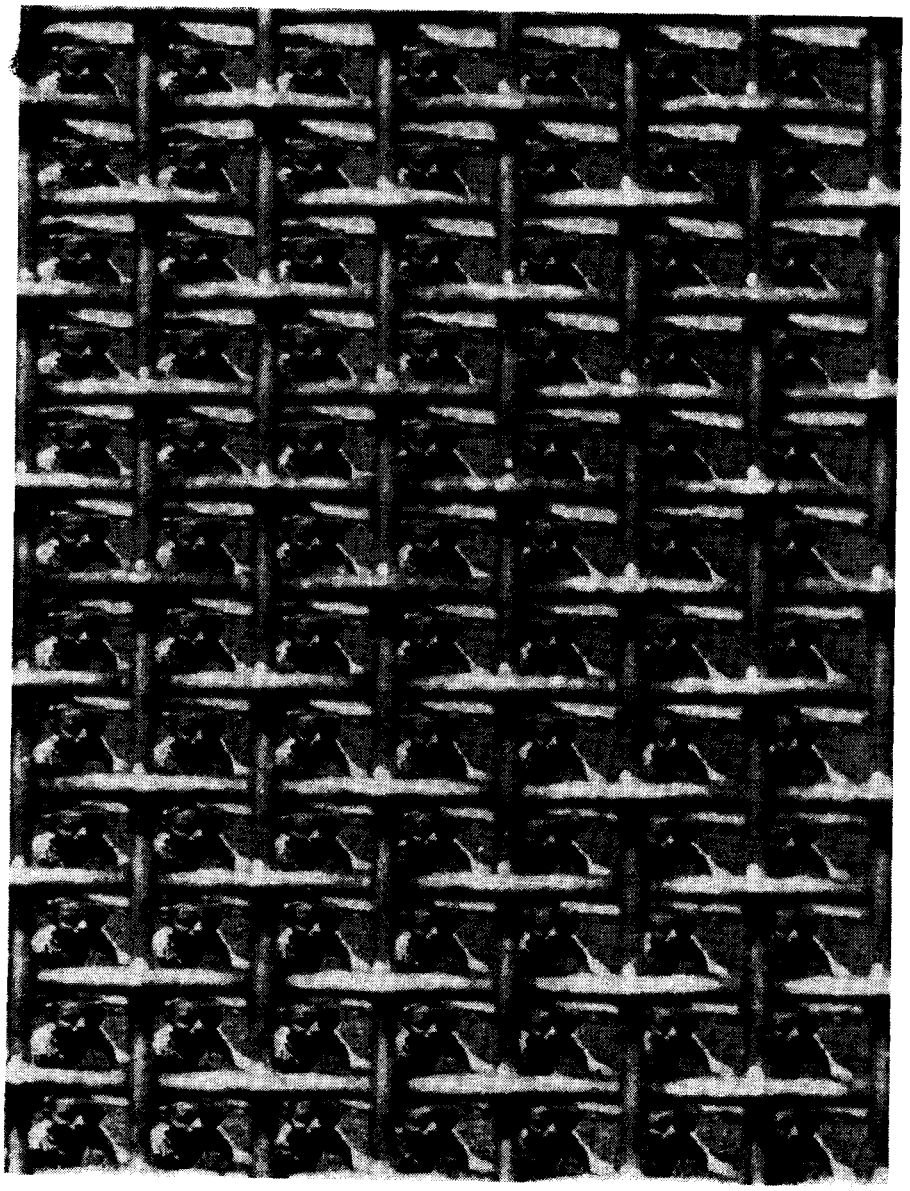
It was at this point that the erstwhile Perry Masons of photography decided to get a first-hand "how-dun-it" report from Mr. Trainor himself.

As with most bafflers, the solution to this one was "simple once you know how." Clues: a window screen, one small son, the helping hand of a young daughter with a garden hose. Operative 13: the private eye of a photographer who happened to recall one showery day when raindrops had caught in the mesh of a window screen and acted like a platoon of small lenses.

From Charles Trainor's own case file come these details:

"The whole operation took not more than ten minutes. The screen was about two inches from the lens; the subject, approximately eighteen inches behind the screen. I braced an ordinary small window screen in an upright position on our front lawn, positioned Charlie behind it, and had Sharon water it down until it was filled with thousands of tiny 'lenses'. All that was left for me to do was to shoot the picture before the drops burst out of the wire mesh."

It is unlikely that this "screen test" will ever launch young Charlie on a Hollywood career. But the multiple images seen on 150,000 *Believe It Or Not* covers add up (believe it or not) to 15,750,000 likenesses of his face—which is a lot of exposure in anybody's language, including that of the best of Hollywood press agents.



***Believe It Or Not* prizewinning cover photo by Charles L. Trainor, Jr. Droplets of water on wire-mesh screen refract more than a hundred images of one subject on a single negative. Visible in upper part of individual frames are variations resulting from different amounts of water in each mesh. Lens used was a MicroNikkor.**

—Miami News photo.

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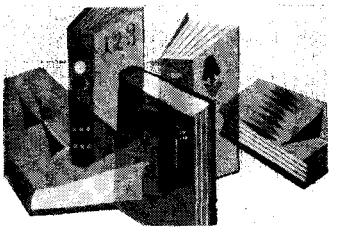
Books
in Communications



Getting the Message

A FEW YEARS ago an experimental program of health education was undertaken in an isolated Peruvian community 35,000 feet up in the Andes. As part of the program, a film on the transmission of typhus by lice, featuring graphic close-up shots, was prepared and shown to the villagers. It immediately became apparent, however, that something had gone seriously wrong; somehow the message, which had seemed unmistakably clear when the film was made, wasn't getting across at all. The reason turned up when some of the Peruvians who had viewed the film were questioned. They said that, yes, they had seen many lice in their homes, and indeed were plagued by them, but that no one in the entire village had ever been bothered by one of the giant kind shown on the screen.

This incident is typical of the unpredictable hazards that beset anyone who tries to help a country's development by use of mass media. Yet, hazards or no hazards, there are those who believe that radio, television, newspapers, and films are among the most effective instruments available for accelerating economic growth in those regions where the Industrial Revolution has not yet penetrated. One adherent to that view is Wilbur Schramm, director of Stanford University's Institute for Communication Research, who in his latest book, *Mass Media and National Development* (published jointly by Stanford University Press and UNESCO, $7.50), reports on case studies and research compiled under the aegis of UNESCO. It is meticulously documented and persuasive.

Few readers can fail to be impressed by the obvious correlation between economic development and the existence of modern communications media. In North America, for example, for every 100 people there are 25 copies of daily newspapers, 73 radios, 5.5 cinema seats, and 23.4 television sets, while for every 100 Africans there are only 1.2 newspapers, 2.3 radios, .6 cinema seats, and .07 television sets.

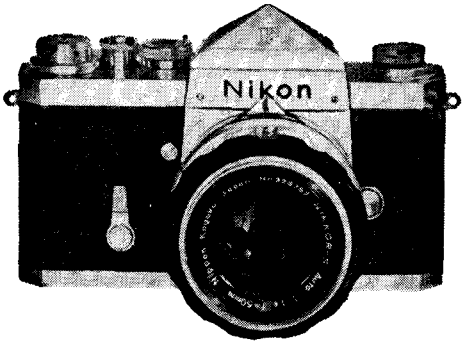
In those countries where mass media are being introduced, the impact is sudden and dramatic. Mr. Schramm tells of one such case: "Once in an isolated village in the Middle East I watched a radio receiver, the first any of the villagers had seen, put into operation in the head man's house. The receiver promptly demonstrated that knowledge is power. It became a source of status to its owner; he was the first to know the news, and controlled the access of others to it. For him and all others who heard, the noisy little receiver became a magic carpet to carry them beyond the horizons they had known."

But the mass media, when used with intelligence and imagination, can be considerably more than mere status symbols. They can, at their best, help overcome traditional attitudes that hinder development. They can be a powerful tool for teaching new methods in agriculture and industry. And they can play a crucial role in helping a nation accomplish, in the words of Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere, the "terrible ascent" from the primitive past to the modern present.

Take the problem of agriculture, an enterprise that must be the keystone of any country's economic effort. In regions with subsistence economies, any suggested change in agriculture is ordinarily viewed with deep suspicion. Over the generations, farmers have developed techniques that, if not notably productive by modern standards, virtually guarantee that at least a minimum crop will be produced, and there is an understandable reluctance to try unfamiliar methods. The task, therefore, is not only to teach better ways of farming but also to bring about a radical shift in attitude. It is, as Mr. Schramm points out, no easy job—but it is one that can be considerably speeded up when an educational program is disseminated by the mass media. Similarly, such things as health and literacy can be substantially improved through mass media.

But if traditional attitudes must so often be changed if progress is to be made, doesn't this raise a serious moral question? Is it right to tamper with a people's deeply held beliefs, to introduce social changes that will painfully disrupt old ways? Mr. Schramm answers these questions by suggesting that "it is very hard to argue against change based on assumptions that, other things being equal, knowledge is better than ignorance; health is better than disease; to eat is better than to be hungry; a comfortable standard of living is better than poverty; to participate actively in one's nation is better than to be isolated at home, too.

—JAMES F. FIXX.



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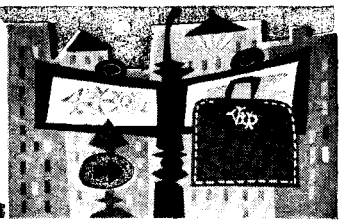
Madison Avenue



Rose by Another Name

By GEORGE LAZARUS, *Advertising Columnist, Chicago Daily News.*

THE Shakespearean phrase, "A rose by any other name . . . ," probably applies today as much to the area of marketing research positions as to any other. A decade or even five years ago, it was easy to recognize the researcher, statistician, or sales analyst who was consulted for necessary market data.

Increased competition, caused at least in part by an onslaught of new products, and the necessity of more closely watching distribution costs, has not only made the top marketing executive the new crown prince of management but it has also upgraded the status of his associates on every level of marketing, including the researcher.

So you have to look hard today for the man with the red carnation to find the top research executive. He bears such diverse corporate titles as Director of Marketing Intelligence at Edward Dalton Co., a division of Mead Johnson & Co. (the Metrecal people); or Director of Information Management (with a staff of more than 100) at Benton & Bowles; or any of the more prosaic marketing research titles popular at many other firms and advertising agencies.

Though it may not be quickly obvious to an outsider, or to neophytes in marketing, there's a reason why Benton & Bowles and Mead Johnson have recently incorporated such key positions into top management.

Richard F. Casey, senior vice president, who holds the job at Benton & Bowles, explains his problem as well as that of the research industry in these terms: "I think that modern business has gone through a phase of digestion of factual material. With mountains of facts readily available, we must turn ourselves to a more pressing problem—the management of information for *decision* purposes."

There's no problem in digging up information. Like scores of other executives, Robert J. Williams, Dalton's Director of Marketing Intelligence, draws on his own marketing research department, his advertising agencies, and four outside research services to supply data.

Though marketing research has achieved status and is getting increased recognition by management, it does face a crisis of information. As a matter of fact, the nation's research industry finds itself in a position similar to that of the American wheat farmer—surpluses in the midst of hunger.

Corporate management, marketing bosses, and ad agency executives are thirsting for knowledge with which to increase sales and lower costs. Researchers produce an overwhelming supply of facts, but often not in a form the corporate managers can digest.

The situation was probably best pinpointed by Donald Kanter, vice president and director of research for Tatham-Laird, a Chicago agency, and most recently chairman of the research committee, American Association of Advertising Agencies; he says, "You have to work very hard to avoid the 'research muddle,' that is, getting more information that you can profitably use—information that is merely interesting but not essential in decision-making."

Kanter believes today's research executive must be the "consumer's advocate," and must represent the consumer to management to facilitate communications between the marketer and the market.

IF there's any single cause for this "crisis of information" or "research muddle," it probably stems from the growth of the industry itself. Annual dollars expended for marketing research services probably fall in the range of $200 million to $250 million.

A major share of that volume will be in the range of services provided by Chicago's A. C. Nielsen Co., industry pioneer and world's largest marketing research operation. Nielsen netted $52,000 in sales forty years ago; its volume is expected to total $50,000,000 in fiscal 1964.

Nielsen is not the only industry heavyweight. Others such as Market Research Corp. of America and Audits & Surveys represent impressive companies but will not disclose their dollar volume. Yet for every medium-sized or large firm, there are literally scores of smaller shops. In fact, the industry is crawling with one-man firms. How many research firms are there? Just glance through the Yellow Pages of a New York or Chicago telephone directory. In Chicago, there are over 180 such firms.

The emergence of more marketing research firms and diversification of their services was the dominant characteristic of the industry during the 1950s. But, during the last five years, as companies have become more sophisticated in marketing management, most of them have staffed and built up their own research facilities.

More than half of all the companies that are members of the American Marketing Association have a formal marketing research department. The AMA anticipates that all of its members will have such facilities within five years.

Dr. William R. Davidson, Ohio State University marketing professor and AMA president, points out that half of all marketing research departments have been set up in the last ten years, and that more than half of those in industrial manufacturing companies are no more than five years old.

Marketing research budgets, according to Davidson, still are lamentably small on the client end. An AMA study revealed that research represents only 0.40 per cent of sales for large consumer products and 0.03 per cent for industrial marketers.

While these are average figures, some consumer firms are spending a considerable amount. A major firm like Procter & Gamble is said to spend about $4,000,000 a year on its own research and at least half of that sum on outside advice. In 1958, for example, trade sources said P&G spent $1,000,000 with Nielsen alone. General Motors reportedly has increased its marketing research budget by 75 per cent in the last five years.

Whereas the outside marketing research firm formerly did a complete package job for a client, there appears to be a trend in the other direction. If outside assistance is needed, a specific problem assignment is turned over to a market research firm. Another problem goes to a second firm, best qualified in that area, while still a third problem may go to yet another research organization. Many research companies are becoming specialists in certain areas of techniques.

Robert Lavidge, president of Chicago's Elrick & Lavidge, agrees that his clients have specific objectives in their assignments, but he says that his firm is frequently asked to be consultants in the definition and solution of a particular marketing problem.

William O'Dell, chairman of Market Facts, another top Chicago marketing research firm, reports his firm is getting more involved in market experimentation. For example, Market Facts recently formed a subsidiary, called Marketest. Under the operation, marketing zones were set up in Erie, Pennsylvania, and Wichita, Kansas.

Each zone has a fixed number of retail outlets that provide measurements

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of the sales movements of products being studied. All zones have virtually identical populations. Marketest controls the marketing stimuli going into each zone so that manufacturers can learn the relative worth of marketing efforts such as pricing alternatives, advertising weight and theme, new products, packaging, couponing, and free sampling. Publishers of Erie and Wichita newspapers arranged home-delivered circulations to coincide with the zones to help in the advertising areas.

"One of the most under-researched areas in marketing is price [of products]," said O'Dell. Accordingly, he noted that half of the studies have dealt with the pricing alternative. Robert Morley, associate manager of research, Armour Meat Products Company, agrees with O'Dell. "Too many companies," said Morley, "fail to realize how much they can charge or how little they have to charge for a product."

Pricing is essential but is only one facet of the marketing spectrum. Distribution, which brings the product to your home, is assuming goliath-like cost proportions.

Arthur C. Nielsen, Sr., chairman of his company, reports that distribution takes 44 cents out of each dollar you spend for an automobile, 48 cents out of each dollar you spend for food, 58 cents out of your clothing dollar, 60 cents out of each dollar spent for household furnishings, and 66 cents out of each dollar you spend for drugs, toiletries, and cosmetics.

In today's competitive marketplace, with soaring distribution and marketing costs, the research function is vital. So whether a man is wearing a red carnation or sitting in his office with a fancy title, if his function is research, he's probably got top management's ear and the treasurer's wallet.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1101

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1101 will be found in the next issue.

C SHACHWH NOH SHLN MHPCK-

CNCFK FP RQK CL NOH UBQN-

HPTA SCXHM.

MFLNFHWLGC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1100

Conceit is God's gift to little men.
—BRUCE BARTON.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 55

following two assumptions: (1) straight television reporting *excludes* any technical contrivance. (2) Directorial judgments *exclude* esthetic subjective values in television reporting. Certainly the network camera-pool director made an error of judgment in superimposing the American flag over Senator Goldwater's image, but the error was one of degree rather than of right and wrong.

It is difficult to discuss "straight reporting" exclusive of the medium being used to convey and communicate information. Newspaper reporting, radio reporting, and television reporting may deal with the same universe of raw materials, but the medium will always affect an element of the message —in fact, the medium is part of the message. Just as typography affects the communication of print, just as the selection of words by a reporter determines and alters meaning, the technical contrivances of television, inexorable parts of the medium, determine and affect meaning.

Space, time, and camera selectivity are bound to the editing process of the television medium. The editing process, in fact, is a determinant of the identity of the medium. The speed of sequence, the length of each shot, and the method of transition used to go from one shot or sequence to another, will affect the eventual comprehension of news by the television audience.

Shayon is not objecting to the use of a technical contrivance, but to the misuse of a technique. If we do object to the contrivance, then we must be consistent and object to the shattering of time and space conventions by the camera. To go from a panoramic shot of the convention hall to a close-up of the speaker is not a normal situation for the viewer, although he has been conditioned to accept this innovation. The viewer is instantly propelled through space and changes his point of view and seat every time a different shot is selected by the director.

A director lives with images and constantly does make esthetic judgments. He apparently made a non-objectionable judgment when he took a shot of Governor Scranton's daughter crying during her father's speech; he made an objectionable judgment in superimposing the flag over Senator Goldwater's image. Both acts used technical contrivances and were the result of esthetic decisions.

There is always a danger of electronic demagoguery in television reporting owing to judgments by directors and reporters, but without these decisions there cannot exist television reporting with its often great moments of illumination.

GARY GUMPERT, Assistant Professor,
Radio-Television Education Division,
University of Wisconsin.

Madison, Wis.

MR. SHAYON'S REPLY: *Mr. Gumpert's comments are welcome: they contribute to discussion of this delicate matter of "contrivance vs. technique." I disagree that the sentence which he quotes implies the two assumptions he finds. My sense is that straight television reporting does* not *exclude any technical contrivance; and directorial judgments* do *include esthetic, subjective values.*

Rather than founder in semantics, let me say that the camera-pool director at the Republican convention certainly made a selection when he winged the shot of Governor Scranton's daughter crying during her father's speech—but it was actually happening as the viewer saw it. There was no messing with the action. The flag, however, in the convention hall, was not halo-ing Senator Goldwater's image. The director exclusively *made this happen by supering one camera over another. Judgment and selectivity certainly enter into a director's choice and sequence of shots; it's inescapable. But making things appear to be happening that are not happening, is not responsible reporting. A good news director can be subjective and esthetic and still not exceed his reportorial function.* —R.L.S.

FEW PERSONS WOULD DENY the incalculable influence that the mass-communications media—particularly television—can exert upon the fortunes of political candidates. However, fewer still would tumble into the folly of trumpeting this situation as a pure, unadulterated Good. After all, far too often the unfortunate "mass" emphasis is upon the superficialities of the candidates' mythical "image," which only obscures his stance —if he has one—on vital issues.

The 1960 TV debates between Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy unquestionably were a major factor in the election. Unfortunately, it is evident that the late President's popular appeal arose less from the vitality of his political perspective than from the personal vigor he radiated. The handsome, confident man with the not-quite-unruly shock of hair proved far more attractive than the pale, perspiring man with the five-o'clock shadow. Nixon men recognized this fact after the first debate and ran for advice not to political scientists but to make-up men.

In his column [*SR*, August 8] on the split between the militant Goldwaterites and the TV networks at the Republican convention, Robert Lewis Shayon made several disturbingly ambiguous statements. One of these: "But if he [Goldwater] wins, the networks will face an unpredictable situation. He will have demonstrated that a candidate can affront the broadcasters and become President."

Is Mr. Shayon actually suggesting that to become President a candidate should kowtow to television executives? The implication is there. Such voter control via mass media is fully as alarming as Mr. Shayon's own warnings about possible "mass communications control" by a Goldwater "right-wing administration."

I am a rather vigorous Goldwater dissenter. Nonetheless, I find myself lining up on at least one issue, albeit uncomfortably, with the same Goldwater backers who, deplorably, involved NBC's John Chancellor in a comic arrest and unrestrainedly jeered Nelson Rockefeller. That issue? A mutual "scorn for the theory that the radio and television image of a candidate for the Presidency may be the decisive factor in his victory or defeat" . . .

WILBUR H. WOOD.

Missoula, Montana

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THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WATCH IT. N.J. State Police are very understanding, but they will not accept eagerness to get here as an excuse for speeding. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

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VACATIONS

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Fall for Europe this Autumn

(When our fares are low and the weather says "Go")

Don't feel bad if you missed out on Europe this summer.

Europe is even more fetching in the fall. Cooler. Less crowded.

London Bridge serves up flaming sunsets for two 'most every evening.

Scotland gathers its Clans. Munich brews up its *Oktoberfest*. Paris runs its *Grand Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe*. And a good part of Europe turns into wine-festival country overnight.

Sample round-trip 14 to 21 day Jet economy fares, available most days from now through November fifth: New York to Rome, $446. Chicago to Frankfurt, $455. Los Angeles to London, $589.

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